Saturday Review

JUNE 4, 1960 / 25¢

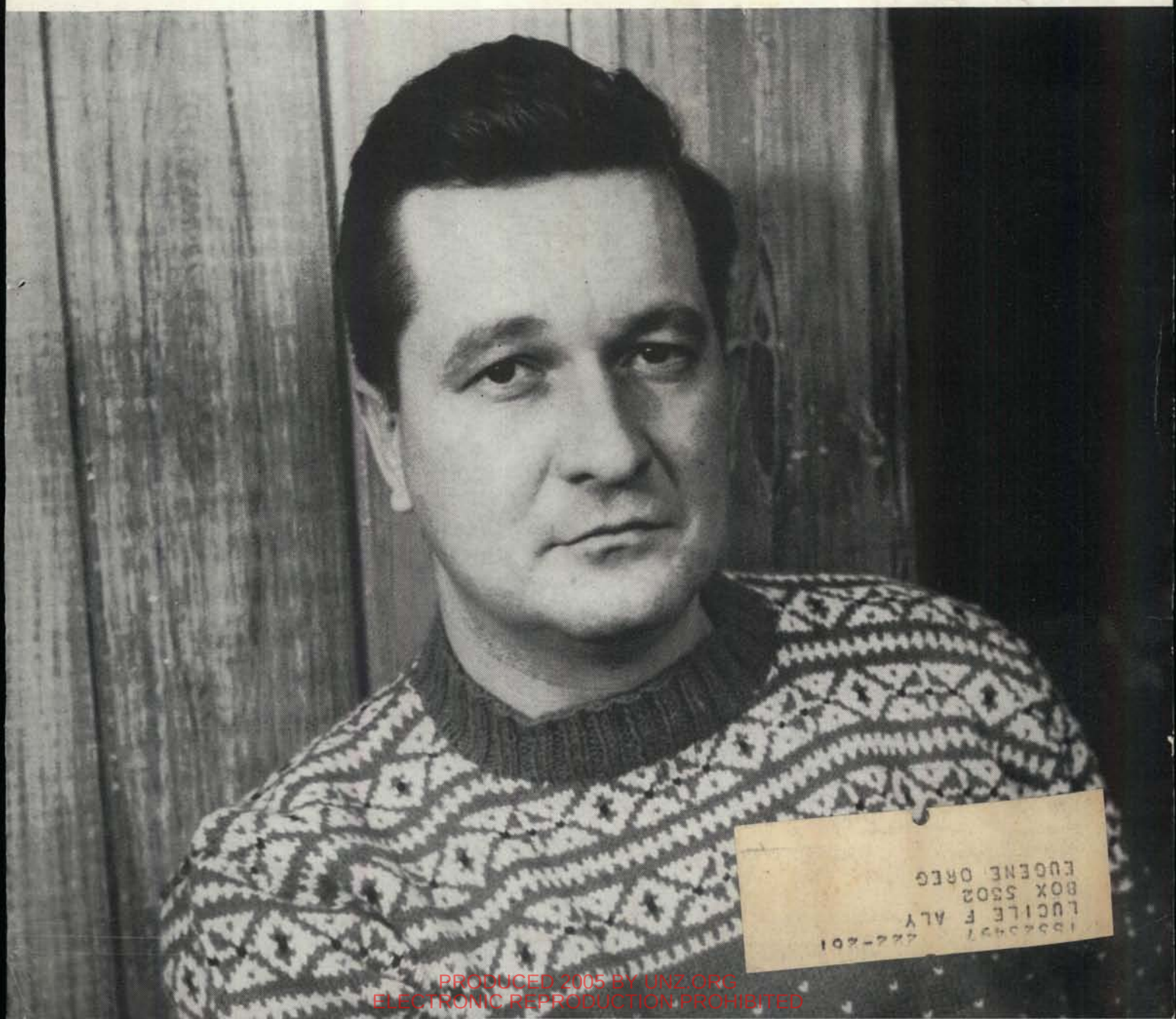
SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

PUBLIC HEALTH AT 7½ PER CENT

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

By John Lear

William Styron, author of "Set This House on Fire." (See Literary Horizons)



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How much do you think it costs to dine at the Ritz in Paris?

Imagine sauntering into the famous golden dining room at the Ritz in Paris. An entourage of beaming waiters and headwaiters greets you and seats you at a table that glitters under a priceless French service. And now! You are served from one of the world's most appreciated kitchens. Perhaps you'll have Petite Marmite, the glorified soup of the French provinces. Then a succulent Poularde de Bresse smothered in crisp baby potatoes. Finally, fresh peach dripping in brandy. The bill? A cool $4.00, price-fixed. Of course, you *could* lose your head and spend hundreds at the Ritz. It's a shamelessly glamorous restaurant. But you would still get a bargain! For *wherever* you eat in France . . . at the Ritz or in a cozy bistro or in an old provincial inn . . . you spend much less than you're used to spending. Yet you *eat* nothing less than ambrosia. Food is religion throughout France. It's no place to go on a diet.

See your travel agent or for folders and information write: Dept. SR6, P.O. Box 4221, New York 10, N.Y. French Government Tourist Office: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Montreal.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Just how far should government go in competing with its own citizens?

Today the government runs some 19,000 commercial and industrial enterprises in its civilian branches alone!

Many thoughtful people are surprised to learn that the U. S. government actively competes with thousands of independent businesses, large and small.

"Why?" they ask. And it is a good question.

A legacy of war

The idea of government-in-business got its big boost back in World War I. However, it has been kept rolling, and even accelerated, in times of peace.

Today no one can estimate the total cost, in terms of tax dollars, of government-in-business. But figures are available for one of government's largest enterprises—the federal electric power "business."

To date, this federal "public power" has cost the taxpayers more than $5,000,000,000. And its promoters propose $10,000,000,000 more—much of which would likely come from the taxpayers.

Is more federal power spending necessary?

To maintain an abundant supply of low-price power, it is unnecessary for the government to expand farther into the electric power business. America's rapidly growing need for electricity can be amply met by the more than 300 independent electric companies.

The question of government power expansion lies with you and other citizens (8 out of 10 don't yet realize they are being taxed for this purpose).

If the trend toward more "public power" continues, the people of your community will have to ante up more money—money that you might prefer to see spent locally on schools, libraries, hospitals, parks and other essentials. If you'd like to know more of the facts and implications of "public power" spending, mail the coupon for the new free booklet, "What Do Federal Power Ventures Cost Your Community?"

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

"In all that the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere." —ABRAHAM LINCOLN

POWER COMPANIES
Room 1115-O, 1271 Ave. of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send promptly the material checked below, without charge:

☐ "What Do Federal Power Ventures Cost Your Community?"

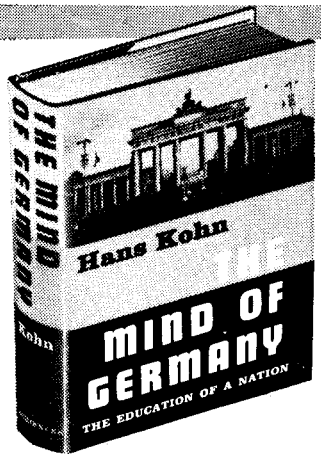
☐ Names of companies that sponsor this message.

NAME_____
(Please print)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An illuminating analysis of German nationalism and the German humanistic tradition which fought its expansion

by Hans Kohn

A leading authority on the subject of nationalism in the modern world.

$5.95 at all bookstores

SCRIBNERS

A full-length study of on-campus standards, manners and morals—

What College Students Think

by Rose K. Goldsen, Morris Rosenberg, Robin M. Williams, Edward A. Suchman

After surveying students of 11 colleges, this team of top sociologists offers an answer to "how is college influencing today's young men and women?" What values shape college students' attitudes toward occupations, political issues, religion, campus life, sex, love, and marriage? What do they want from college? A book not only for students themselves, but for all parents of college-bound children, counsellors, clergy, and sociologists. *At bookstores* $4.95

D. VAN NOSTRAND COMPANY, INC.

Saturday Review

JUNE 4, 1960

Cover Photo: A. Blakeslee Hine

SR/IDEAS

10 The Unread Writers of Hollywood, by William A. Fadiman

22 The Permanent Summit: A Guest Editorial, by Carlos P. Romulo

37 Public Health at 7½ Per Cent, by John Lear

43 The Living and the Dead, by W. F. G. Swann

SR/BOOKS

13 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews William Styron's "Set This House on Fire"

14 Nuclear Policy for War and Peace, by Thomas E. Murray

15 The Power of Satire, by Robert C. Elliott; The Amiable Humorist, by Stuart M. Tave

16 The Origin and Meaning of Hasidism, by Martin Buber; Martin Buber: Jewish Existentialist, by by Malcolm L. Diamond

17 Anatomy of Faith, by Milton Steinberg

18 Max Weber, by Richard Bendix

19 Through Streets Broad and Narrow, by Gabriel Fielding

19 Tongue of Fire, by Ernest Frankel

20 Cain's Book, by Alexander Trocchi

21 A Canticle for Leibowitz, by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

21 Criminal Record

31 Apologies to the Iroquois, by Edmund Wilson

32 Sons of the Shaking Earth, by Eric R. Wolf

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 First of the Month

8 Trade Winds

14 Literary Crypt

24 Letters to the Editor

25 TV and Radio

26 *SR* Goes to the Movies

27 Booked for Travel

30 Broadway Postscript

32 Literary I.Q.

37 *SR*/Research for June

51 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1367

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urny, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIII. No. 23, June 4, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1960 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

The best-selling book on poetry

by Gilbert Highet

The Powers of Poetry

"You will not find a better introduction or more informing companion to poetry anywhere . . . salted with wit and learning."
—CHARLES POORE, *N. Y. Times*

"His scholarship is apparent on every page, but it never obtrudes. Mr. Highet can write . . . Consequently his volume is, in places, a detective story, a thriller, and a mystery as well as a lecture on the need of rhyme and melody."
— *Wall Street Journal*

"Dr. Highet's latest book carries a candle into the darkness of what is for most people the least readable form of imaginative literature. It is a book for the general reader. It aims to seduce him into virtue."
— *Albany Times-Union*

2nd Large Printing

At all bookstores • $6.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The incredible career of the terribly rich and vastly unpredictable art collector Dr. Albert C. Barnes

Art and Argyrol

by WILLIAM SCHACK $4.95

Thomas Yoseloff, N.Y. 16

. . . must reading in this 1960 election *year—Washington Post*

The Politics of National Party Conventions

Paperback edition

274 pages $1.95

A condensation, edited by Kathleen Sproul, of the Brookings study by Paul T. David, Ralph M. Goldman, and Richard C. Bain

THE BROOKINGS INSTITUTION

722 Jackson Pl., NW, Washington 6, D.C.

PROPERTY OF CSU ARCHIVES
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEATS NOW AT BOX OFFICE
AIR COND. MADISON SQ. GARDEN
FRI., JUNE 17 thru MON., JULY 4
S. HUROK presents
From The Royal Tournament in London and the World-Famous Edinburgh Tattoo
THE BIGGEST SHOW IN HISTORY!
BRITISH MILITARY
TOURNAMENT and TATTOO
HAIR-RAISING COMMANDO RACE CLIMAXED BY DEATH SLIDE FROM ROOF OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
DARE-DEVIL MOTORCYCLE DISPATCH RIDERS IN THRILLING FEATS
CRACK DRILL TEAMS FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE
EXHILARATING MUSIC BY MASSED BANDS, PIPES & DRUMS of the: Royal Marines, Royal Air Force, Second Green Jackets, King's Royal Rifles, Scots Guards, Seaforth Highlanders, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders
HUGE COMPANY OF 550!
Every year since 1880 Britain has held a Royal Tournament. Originally competitions with sword, lance and rifle, the tournament today is a fascinating demonstration of skills of various branches of the armed forces.
Tattoos (spectacular military maneuvers accompanied by exhilarating music) are here developed to the highest degree. Thrilling Motorcycle Feats! Breathtaking Commando Assaults! Precision Military Drills! Phenomenal Gymnastic Displays! Massed Bands! Stirring Bagpipes! Highland Dancing! All this combined with the fantastic panoply and color of Great Britain's most famous fighting units is coming for the first time to the U.S.
ONLY APPEARANCE IN AMERICA!
CORPS OF DRUMS & TRUMPETERS
PRODIGIOUS GYMNASTIC DISPLAY BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE
EXCITING HIGHLAND DANCERS
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED — Gala Premiere: Loge $10.00; Side Arena $9.00, 7.00; End Arena $8.00, 6.00, 5.00; Mezz. $6.00, 5.00; End Balc. $3.00; Side Balc. $2.00. All Other Perfs. (EVERY EVE. EXCEPT SUN. EVES., JUNE 19 & 26; MATS. EVERY SUN. & FINAL PERF. MON., JULY 4.): Loge $7.00; Side Arena $7.00, 6.00; End Arena $7.00, 6.00, 5.00; Mezz. $6.00, 5.00; End Balc. $3.00; Side Balc. $2.00. Please make checks payable, mail to MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 307 West 49 Street, New York 19, N.Y. and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
DON'T MISS THE BRITISH EXHIBITION — COLISEUM, JUNE 10-26

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

WHEN ALL was said and done about the U-2 and the summit, one thing, according to the *New York Daily News* at least, was certain. We had won a great victory, we should now pull out of Geneva too, and we were absolutely right. Somehow it reminded us of another fellow who was absolutely right—a Boston automobile driver named John R. Gray, on whose tombstone is written:

Here lies the body of John R. Gray
Who died defending his right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he sped along—
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

One other thing was certain too. That is, that there was a great deal more said than done. We even saw one TV program that was a rerun of a summit review—which was taped to begin with—and the next day, sure enough, there was a re-review of the review of the view. It was good, too, but somehow it seemed a long way from the original news—which, as we remembered it, was bad.

• • •

It isn't every month that we get a chance to go to a luncheon in honor of a horse. But, via the good offices of sportscaster Marty Glickman, we attended such a luncheon, given by the Yonkers Raceway Association, in honor of not just one horse, but two—"Caduceus," the New Zealand wonder horse, and his fellow pacer, the Australian "Fettle." They came up a freight elevator, were led right into a grand ballroom and right up to a sort of stalldais. Here they not only had their oats but also, after feeling them, met the press—and, of course, gave it to the boys right from the horse's mouth. Society's love of the horse, incidentally—one which has rarely been returned—was also in evidence at the Kentucky Derby. Here a photographer, in typical photographer's fashion, stuck his head into one of the most formidable boxes. "Any celebrities in there?" he shouted. "No," came the quiet reply. "No celebrities. Just rich."

• • •

On the magazine front, *McCall's* brought, at some expense, 100 housewives from all over the country to their "Congress on Better Living" in Washington. Here the gals gave their opinions on all manner of subjects from charge accounts to credit cards. On one question, as to on what, if worse came to worse, the gals would economize, there was surprising unanimity. "Magazines," they said. Meanwhile, *Time* magazine took time out to devote a whole page to telling *The New Yorker* what was wrong with it—"middle-aged spread . . . increased windiness . . . heavy rather than brilliant. . .," etc. On top of which *Time* was in turn taken to task by an extraordinarily engrossing book called "Name and Address," by ex-*Time* editor T. S. Matthews. Among other things, Mr. Matthews said that, while he worked for *Time*, he felt like "a governess who has taken on the hopeless task of improving the gutter-snipe accent and incorrigible rudeness of a spoiled, rich, foul-mouthed brat."

• • •

And on the book front, still on the subject of foul-mouthedness, two philologists, Dr. Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner, are coming up this month with the 8,000-word "Dictionary of American Slang"—one that runs the gamut, say the publishers, "from the Underworld to Outer Space and from the Four Hundred to the Sneaker Set." ("People representing each social subgroup," they say, "have been interviewed.") Well, we don't know much about the "Sneaker Set"—we couldn't find it in the book—and we have our doubts about the "Four Hundred" (defined as "socially prominent people") but we know one thing—the book has more four-letter words, never mind the hundred, than we've ever seen before, or, for that matter, ever hope to again.

Professor David Maurier served as an over-all adviser on the project, apparently advising such of the book's "major sources" as a "man who had a major criminal record in many states" and his "Man Friday" (We couldn't find *that* one either), a Kentucky mountaineer who had killed a man. "The vocabulary of the average American," states Mr. Flexner in his preface, "is usually estimated at 10,000-20,000 words. Of this quantity I estimate conservatively that 2,000 words are slang." Mr. Flexner also states that just forty-three words comprise 50 per cent of all speech and, based on Bell Telephone conversations, that 25 per cent of all communication is composed of just nine words (*a, I, is, it, on, that, the, to,* and *you*). He continues:

> Slang has few complimentary or even purely descriptive words for "virgin," "good girl," or "gentleman." . . . Slang—and it is frequently true for all language levels—always tends toward degradation rather than elevation. As slang shows, we would rather share or accept vices than be excluded from a social group. For this reason, for self-defense, and to create an aura (but not the fact) of modernity and individuality, much of our slang purposely expresses amorality, cynicism, and "toughness."

Altogether, we feel that the good professors must have had something better to do with the ten years it took them—and that the book is one more example, in fact a low-water mark, of what our wife calls today's "Creeping Slobbism." Somehow we wanted to take a bath after reading it. Instead, however, we picked up another new book, and an excellent one indeed—"Kelly Blue," the story of the late H. O. Kelly, by William Weber Johnson. Teamster, mule skinner, sheepherder, and range rider, the late Mr. Kelly took up painting when he was in his sixties, penniless and ill.

But let Mr. Johnson tell this part of the story:

> Recently friends had arranged an exhibition of his paintings at Dallas . . . and people came to see him, which he liked. Any man who had lived on the plains and seen his neighbors leave, one by one, beaten by the dust, leaving the land dark and empty and lonely—any man who had lived through this loved company and visiting.
>
> Some came as curiosity seekers, just as they would go to see a two-headed calf or a gallows where a man had died. Some came because they had a large, generic enthusiasm for Art, and they had heard this old man described by knowing critics as home-grown Brueghel, another George Caleb Bingham, another Eastman Johnson.
>
> And others came because they liked what they heard and saw of the paintings, loving and understanding the things with which Kelly dealt and the way he did it. It was a rural America that had largely disappeared a half century before. The paintings were filled with lively, well-drawn little figures going about their business and their pleasures, riding and driving horses, handling stock, drinking beer, going to church, plowing fields, dancing waltzes and polkas, bedding down in a wagon yard, making sirup, flirting or betting on a horse race. Everyone was well fed and happy. Old people were dignified and respected. Women were courted with grace and courtesy. Men dealt with each other on equal terms, and small white and Negro boys swam together in the streams of naked freedom.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW CAN WE CATCH THE THIEF IN THE LIGHT?

In broad daylight, the thousand-fingered thief, inflation, goes on stealing from us all.

Turning the glaring spotlight of public alarm on him hasn't even slowed him down. Like a disease, he goes on shriveling the precious dollars we spend today to live, or save for the future.

But are you aware that *even when you pay your taxes,* inflation is there, swindling you! For inflation puffs up the cost of all the countless things the government must buy, too.

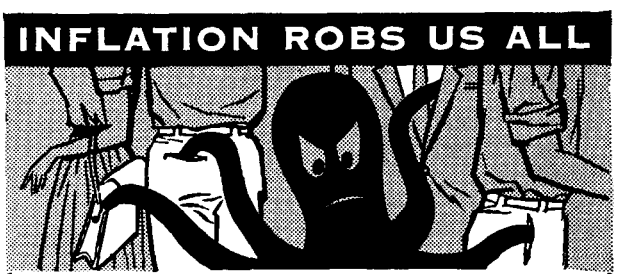
Is there no small step a man can take to help catch this robber? Or at least to slow him down? There is. It is based on a simple rule of everyday economics.

Each of us can try to *deserve* more before we demand to get *paid* more. And one way we can do it is by producing more, and better, of whatever we have to offer the world.

This is the first step every man can take to sound, individual prosperity, without inflation.

REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO



The road to sound national prosperity lies through sound business developments and product improvement, not through inflation.

One of Republic Steel's important developments in the field of new products, which reduces costs for industry, is X-TRU-COAT*, a plastic-coated steel pipe. Republic is the exclusive manufacturer of this product.

X-TRU-COAT combines the strength of steel with the proven protection of plastic, sealing out corrosion permanently. Thousands of miles of this plastic-coated pipe are now in use throughout the country. Utility companies, for example, find it specially useful because it is immune to corrosive soil conditions—prevents electrolytic action.

*Produced under the Dekoron process.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

CONTINUING THE devastating advice he has been giving us over the years, Professor C. Northcote Parkinson recently told an audience at the University of Nebraska: "The ideal committee should include three members, but you have to have five so you will always be sure of having three."

As for the difficult matter of getting people to serve, the professor says that whenever someone criticizes what you're doing, you appoint him to the committee.

IT'S A PLEASURE to run into a writer who's making a lot of money; it sort of gives heart to the rest of us, as we bask in his good fortune. I basked happily as William Bradford Huie freely admitted to me that at this point in his career he is doing nicely.

"I think I'll be moving right up there with Mickey Spillane and Erskine Caldwell," he said. "I ought to hit twenty-five million in the next twenty-four months."

He was referring to the fact that New American Library (also publishers of those other two fellows) is bringing out his novel "Wild River" with an original print order of 1,500,000. It won't hurt any that 20th Century-Fox has used it (along with Borden Deal's "Dunbar's Cove") as the basis for a motion picture directed by Elia Kazan, and starring such people as Montgomery Clift and Lee Remick (see page 26).

Mr. Huie can always count on "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" continuing to sell a half-million paperbacks a year, and when Frank Sinatra gets through making "The Execution of Private Slovik" there'll be another big go-round of royalties and receipts for author Huie. Then, it appears, Hollywood will go to work on Mr. Huie's story of Ira Hayes, the unhappy Indian boy who helped raise the flag at Iwo Jima.

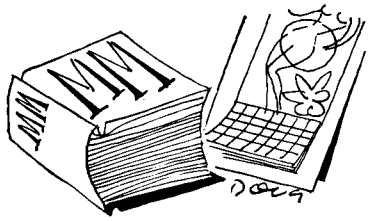
There's nothing especially startling about how the Hollywood-paperback syndrome indicates profits, but it's worth noting that Mr. Huie has always tackled subjects that are controversial, or at least unpopular as themes that might lead to best-selling books and to picture sales. How much success can a writer look forward to when he deliberately takes on Eddie Slovik, Ira Hayes, Emmet Till, Ruby McCollum, or Governor "Kissin Jim" Folsom of Alabama? These people are all involved in affairs which many people feel should be "played down," and in this case played down means left alone.

But those are the things Mr. Huie likes. "Wild River," for instance, is about the conflict between the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Southern family whose plantation will be destroyed by the dam which will bring benefits to others. No punches are pulled in Huie's books, and I hope the same will be said of the movies made out of them.

THE LOVELY TOWN of Darien, Connecticut, has a clean-up campaign which includes paper bags you keep in the automobile for trash. "Don't do Darien dirt," the printed message says. "Make Darien beautiful." It goes on to explain how you hang the bag with the convenient hook right on the dashboard and put stuff there instead of throwing it out the window.

My informant has seen three of these bags in Darien. One was properly pendant in a car. Another was in the street in front of the local newspaper office. A third was in the middle of the Boston Post Road.

SOMEONE sent me the April 3 issue of *France-Soir*, the Parisian newspaper, and for a moment I thought



the French editors had scooped the world. Here is my translation of a large advertisement I found there:

"Orphan! Loved by no one! Married at 16! She became Marilyn Monroe . . . After a long and careful inquiry and combination of daring, authentic, uncensored documents . . . at last . . . read THE TRUTH ABOUT MARILYN, written by the great American journalist, ROBERT FROST! Starting Tuesday in *France-Soir*!"

Mon Dieu!

Unfortunately, it was all a horrible mistake. Someone in Paris, whose English is even worse that my French, had misread the cover of the April *McCall's*, where, in a nice but confusing layout, the names of Frost and Monroe are bandied about, but only because they are responsible for two separate features in the magazine. When *France-Soir* obtained the French rights to the Monroe story, they looked at the magazine cover and assumed the poet was the author. Then they ran the announcement ad.

The Monroe story was actually written by Maurice Zolotow, another great American journalist in the sense that he has completed a 130,000-word biography of the girl, which Harcourt, Brace will bring out in October. (*McCall's* ran a small part of it in that April issue.) It is the longest book ever written about a motion picture actress, and it is profusely illustrated.

"This is one of the few cases," Mr. Zolotow told me, "where the word 'profusely' seems to be justifiable. My editor said the book is so good they could have published it without pictures. I, however, insisted on pictures. There will even be both versions of the famous nude calendar photo."

I'm sure it'll be a best-seller. In the meantime, I am composing a little verse about how the French thought our most famous poet had written the biography of our most famous actress. It starts:

"Whose words these are I think I know. . . ."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Collie Small was unable to buy a book of limericks in Limerick.

► Margaret Bavier noticed a sign in Rankin's Market in Tujunga, California: SERVE YOURSELF TO CHICKENS.

► More nutty signs, both on the higher educational level. At the gate of one unidentified college: NO TRESPASSING UNLESS PERMISSION IS GRANTED. And on an apartment house near Harvard, according to Klaus Roy: NO TRESPASSING EXCEPT TENANTS.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1366)

CATHARINE M. WRIGHT:
(THE) COLOR OF LIFE

You cannot build even so small a thing as a picture, let alone a life, by avoiding any part of it. You cannot escape God or yourself no matter how much you try—and some try very, very hard! Surroundings are influential and powerful . . . but they are not the ultimate.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

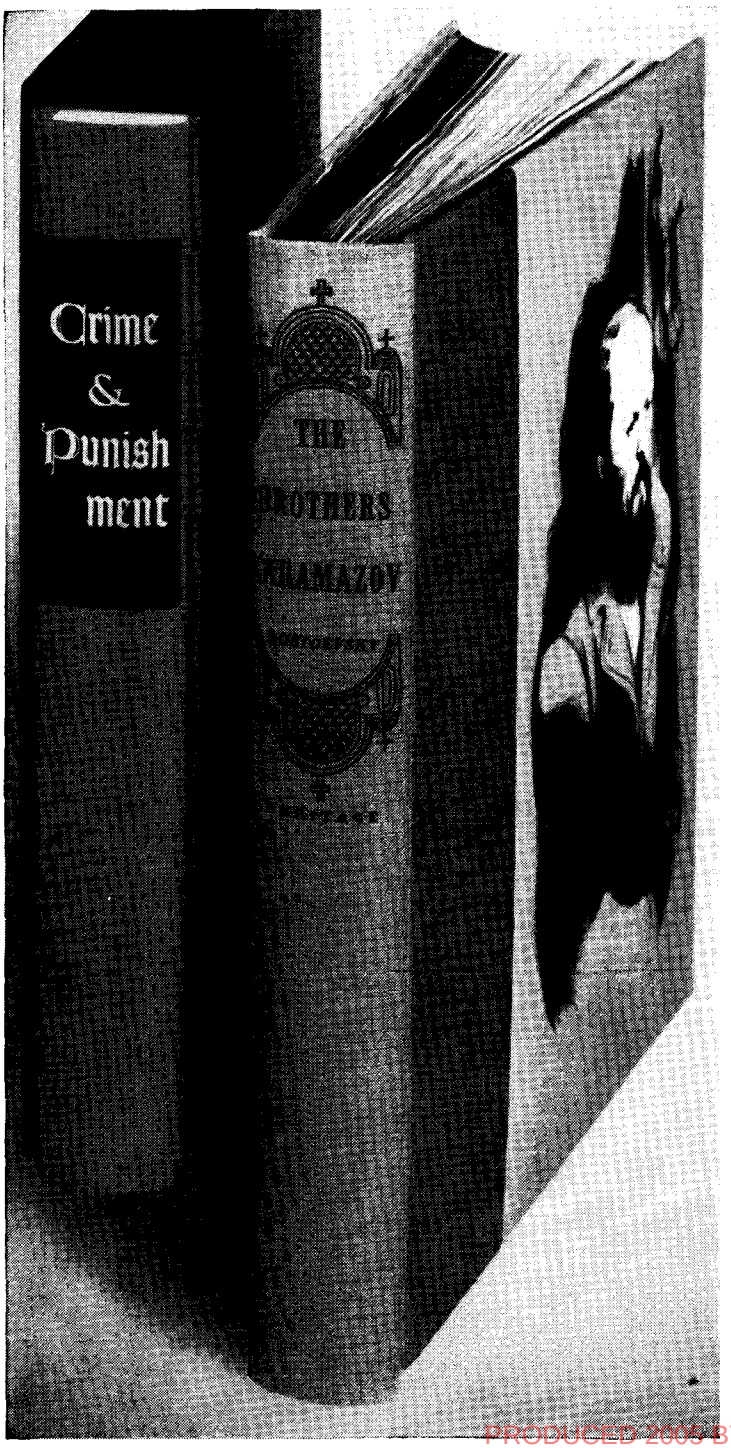
Both Free!

with *new* membership in

THE HERITAGE CLUB's

Twenty-fifth Anniversary Series

of beautiful, *beautiful* books



NO OTHER WRITER, PAST OR PRESENT, has ever succeeded in surpassing the power and passion of Fyodor Dostoevsky. No other writer has ever had his brilliant insight into the depths of the human soul. Now his two greatest masterpieces can be yours, FREE!

Both of these books are illustrated by one of the truly great illustrators alive in the world today, Fritz Eichenberg. For *Crime and Punishment,* Mr. Eichenberg worked in the wood and produced a remarkable series of engravings. For *The Brothers Karamazov* he provided an equally remarkable series of lithographs – nearly fifty illustrations, all drawn on the stones!

BOTH OF THESE HANDSOME slipcased volumes will be presented to you if you obtain a *new* membership in The Heritage Club's Twenty-fifth Anniversary Series – a gala event which will bring you twelve of the most beautiful books in the Club's history! Each Heritage edition is designed by a foremost typographer, illustrated by a distinguished artist, printed on fine quality paper by skilled craftsmen, and handsomely bound and boxed. And – the membership price per volume: $3.95– *or only $3.55 if payment is made in advance!*

IF YOU ACCEPT OUR INVITATION and enroll in the Club: AT ONCE you will receive Aristophanes: *The Birds* and *The Frogs.* Both of these celebrated plays in a handsome, apposite volume printed *dos-à-dos* (back-to-back). *The Birds* delightfully illustrated with drawings by Marian Parry and *The Frogs* with wondrous wood-engravings by John Austen. And, along with it, your FREE copies of *Crime and Punishment* and *The Brothers Karamazov.* Then one volume each month for the next eleven months. These will be:

Ben-Hur, powerfully illustrated by Joe Mugnaini; Victor Hugo's monumental *Les Misérables,* with five hundred drawings by Lynd Ward (TWO VOLUMES); London's *The Call of the Wild,* illustrated with water-color paintings by Henry Varnum Poor; Cooper's *The Deerslayer,* illustrated by Edward A. Wilson; *The Nibelungenlied,* with imaginative color drawings by Edy Legrand; *Quo Vadis?,* illustrated by Salvatore Fiume; Ovid's *The Metamorphoses,* illustrated by the internationally famous artist, Hans Erni. And . . . profusely illustrated editions of Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson;* Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons;* and Wilkie Collins' *The Moonstone.*

IN THE UNLIKELY event that you do not desire one or more of these books, in the Club's Prospectus (mailed to you when the first three books are shipped) you are given a list of two dozen Heritage books from which you may select substitutes. A few of the titles: *The Three Musketeers, Lord Jim, The Plays of William Shakespeare . . .*

Never before has a more exciting program been offered to book buyers. Mail the coupon and judge the truth of this statement for yourself. Please act *promptly!*

Reservation Coupon

THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

Please send me ARISTOPHANES: THE BIRDS and THE FROGS, CRIME & PUNISHMENT, and THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV *(ALL THREE FOR $3.95),* together with a copy of the Prospectus from which I may select the other books on my *new* membership and a method of payment. I understand that if I decide not to accept membership I may return the books within ten days.

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____ SR-2-25

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
JUNE 4, 1960

THE UNREAD WRITERS OF HOLLYWOOD

By WILLIAM FADIMAN,
executive story editor of Columbia Pictures Corporation, Hollywood.

DEPENDING upon the kind and degree of prejudice involved, Hollywood writers have been praised or pilloried, respected or reviled, but no one has disputed the uniqueness of their position in the writing world. Grumbling over lack of public acclaim, subjected to extraordinary working conditions, lamenting their frustrations, derogating their product, insecure in their security, they toil in the sunlit anonymity of Hollywood oblivious to their own potential power.

Millions of words clatter forth annually from their typewriters, words that are never read except by a limited few. No writer for publication can claim this jarring distinction; even the dramatist and television writer are included in anthologies. To appear in print is the logical goal of most writers, but that goal is completely nonexistent for those who write for the screen.

The voices of actors on a soundtrack is the end-product of their literary artistry. The well-turned sentence, the striking simile, the graceful metaphor are never seen by the reading public. Here is a large group of professional writers whose contributions have an international impact on ideas, mores, and culture patterns, and who nevertheless remain completely anonymous. Here are authors whose manuscripts never reach a distribution beyond the circulation of the mimeographing machine, who occasionally attain dizzying financial returns, who exercise skill and creativity, who are unrecognized, unheralded, and almost completely unhonored in the domain of the written word. Their closest approach to the world of letters is in the inevitable series of leather-bound screenplays which graces their personal libraries, a pathetic attempt at simulated publication.

Nevertheless, Hollywood itself, which has been justly accused of a passion for hyperbole, apparently regards its writing members—when they aren't on strike—as considerably better than common clay. Studio contracts refer to their work as being of "a special, unique, unusual, extraordinary, and intellectual character involving skill of the highest order." No grudging corporate praise, that.

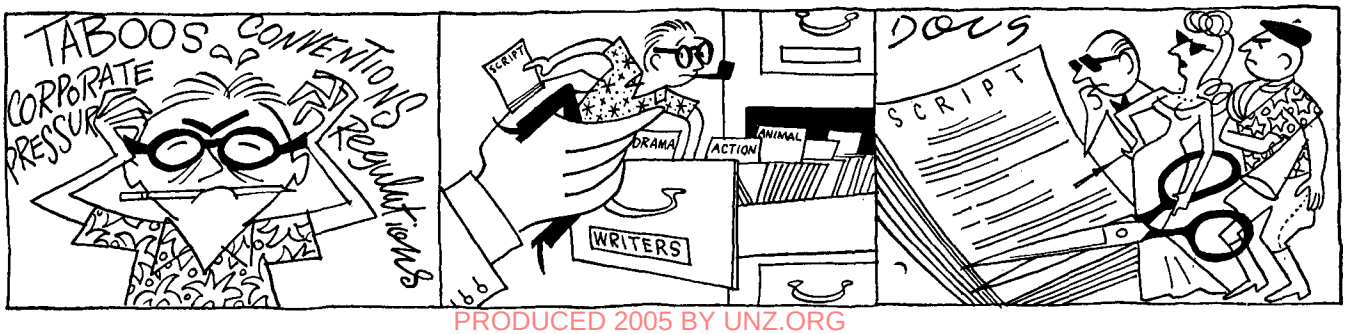
There are currently some 1,800 members of the Writer's Guild of America, West. Of these, some 900 write exclusively for the screen; the rest devote their energies to television and radio. But none of them write on speculation.

In fact, these 1,800-odd writers never write except for money. There is a stern clause in their contracts that expressly forbids anything more speculative than an exchange of ideas across a conference table with a prospective employer-producer. They assume no financial risks; they do not gamble with their time and talent as a playwright or novelist does. Even a rejection slip is alien to their way of life. Their scripts may well be rejected ("shelved" is the more picturesque Hollywood term), but this can only happen after they have been paid.

ONLY when a writer is temporarily off a company payroll does he ever attempt to write a story in the hope of selling it to a studio. But the quantity of such free-lance submission is small. A Hollywood writer prefers the less hazardous procedure of being on salary.

Despite his disassociation from the pain or pleasure of publication, the Hollywood writer considers himself equal in talent, imagination, and creativity to his brothers-in-print. He firmly believes his output merits the qualitative judgment that readers accord to books, even though in his case there are no readers. But the paradox grows more confusing, for at the same time his envy of the printed page is so acute that he tends to deprecate the very product he creates.

If one questions a Hollywood writer about his profession, he will usually denigrate it. He will explain it is merely a way of making a living; he will tell you that he has just "knocked out" a scene or a complete script,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he is only writing for the screen until he can save enough money to go to Vermont and write the Great American Novel or Play. Unfortunately, though, the number of those who actually complete the novel or play they talk about is mournfully small. This is not true of those hyphenated creators who practise their profession on Broadway or in the book field as well as in the film studios. The reference here is to the majority of the members of the Writers Guild of America, West, whose livelihood and writing interests are one and the same: the world of films. Play producers seeking scripts find Hollywood barren ground. The occasional visits of solicitous publishers grow more and more sporadic; they have too frequently returned to New York empty-handed.

By and large, Hollywood writers write for films either because they are incapable of mastering the requirements of printed media, relish the guaranteed sums they receive, become inured to film-writing, or genuinely prefer it. The number of those in the latter category is not staggeringly large. Hectored and bedeviled by working procedures in which the writer is only a small part of a complex mechanism, they find their major satisfaction in the monetary security the industry affords them. They are acutely aware that not more than 5,000 free-lance writers in America earn a living solely by their pens. They do not wish to add to this depressing statistic.

EVEN though they may willingly confine their talents to the screen, they remain frankly envious of the independence and autonomy accorded the published writer. Screen writers will admit that the compensations of studio work are attractive; but they will also tell you that the obstructions to creative writing are sometimes unbearable. Taboos, conventions, regulations, and corporate pressures all contribute to their acute frustration. It is this pervasive sense of futility that accounts in part for their deprecation of their own product, and the futility is inherent in the industry itself.

What are the obstacles and impediments that beset Hollywood writers?

There is no such thing in Hollywood as a writer per se, or only infrequently so. The writer who enters the Hollywood mill swiftly becomes a technical specialist; he his hired for his proven ability in a specified field of endeavor. The story department of every studio has a cross-filed card index that would make Linnaeus's famed *systema naturae* seem like the jottings of an amateur. Hollywood writers are all divided into various categories, such as action, animal biographical, documentary, comedy (sophisticated or knockabout), costume drama, emotional drama, romantic melodrama, horror, light romance (presumably opposed to heavy romance!), murder, mystery, musical, religious, science fiction and fantasy, sport, spectacle, suspense and intrigue, war and service, Western, and a wide array of others.

ONCE a writer has made his mark in a given field, he is automatically classified. He is card-indexed. He is specialized. A producer in quest of a writer for a story asks only one question. What has he written in the same genre?

Another curious fact about Hollywood writers is that almost none of them began their careers in films. Hollywood has very little faith in its own judgment; it prefers to draw its needed literary talents from the triumphs of other entertainment areas. It selects its new writers from the theatre or publishing worlds. Of the 1,800 writers in Hollywood studios today, there are probably not twenty-five who learned their trade there or whose first professional work was for the screen. But once the writer has crossed the great 3,000-mile divide between New York and Los Angeles, he takes firm root in studio soil and is made quickly aware of the significance of his new role.

Hollywood writers are fully alive to their commercial importance. Their union is a powerful and effective organization. Seventy-five separate agencies in Hollywood function as representatives for them in procuring assignments. Even though only six writers currently enjoy the security of contracts (as opposed to 110 in 1947), their collective financial returns are impressive. During the fiscal year 1959, a total of $27 million was paid to writers employed in Hollywood. It is doubtful whether any other 1,800 writers in any part of the world could point to such earnings. The average annual income received by a working writer was approximately $15,000, but in terms of the total union membership, which necessarily includes many non-working writers, a more realistic annual individual wage would be $5,000. The $27 million sum is only rendered possible by the inclusion of a series of extremely large amounts paid to a handful of writers. For example, one writer received $150,000 in 1959, but he stands alone.

There is an invidious assumption on the part of the public that all Hollywood writers have dollar-sign-shaped swimming pools, Oxford-educated butlers, and foreign cars equipped with telephones. This is far from the truth. A screen writer's salary may indeed be $500 or $1,000 per week; but he works only a limited number of weeks each year, and is subject to dismissal on twenty-four hours' notice. To this extent, he is the victim of the same economic uncertainties other job-holders experience.

LET us examine the work techniques of our Hollywood writers. Do they differ markedly from those of writers for publication? What are the differences? The most important distinction lies in the fact that the screenplay is subject to arbitrary pressures from varying sources at all times. The dialogue which was carefully tailored to the personality or ability of an individual star may require drastic revision to suit another star who was not in mind when the project was conceived. Budgetary limitations enjoin severe strictures on all scripts. Time consumption—meaning cash expenditure—is of the essence, and few are the writers who would not be jealous of Flaubert's statement that he once spent six weeks writing twenty-five pages of "Madame Bovary." Hollywood writers have deadlines to meet, produc-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion dates to consider, and they labor under a moral obligation to deliver a certain number of pages weekly, a figure varying from ten to twenty-five. A writer must be cognizant at all times of international, national, state, and local censorship problems; if the film is destined to have its greatest appeal abroad he must curtail his dialogue, depending on the story-line or action, to convey the meaning to foreign audiences; actors with speech idiosyncrasies or short memories must be catered to. He must please the varying and variable tastes of the producer, star, and director. He must always bear in mind—as does the playwright—that his words are meant to be spoken, not read. As a diverting sidelight on this last restriction, some of the most literate and carefully written prose in a screenplay is often found in the stage directions. Here the writer is subject to no supervision; here he writes eloquently and even passionately—for six people to read.

NOR is the writer on the final shooting script uniquely responsible for the finished product. Unlike a novel or a play, the ultimate version of a film script is almost never the result of the endeavors of one man. He is an unwilling collaborator in a long procession. In the theatre, it is a maxim that scripts are not written, they are rewritten. Though this is equally valid in the film factories, the original writer is rarely assigned to the revisions. Both his intent and accomplishment are often summarily ignored. If a script is deemed partially satisfactory, the newly assigned writer is expected to match the style of his most recent predecessor. Or he may be instructed to start the screenplay afresh, but warned to utilize the structure or concept or certain individual scenes of another version. The result is a pastiche of words and ideas from a half-dozen or more different sources. Thus, it is not uncommon to find a screenplay labeled eighth or ninth or tenth draft, though they are all ordinarily based on the same theme, characters, and plot.

None of these difficulties is inherent in the work of the novelist or playwright. The novelist's book is wholly his own, aided and abetted only by the counsel and guidance of his editor. The playwright has arbitrary authority to deny the changing of a single word in his play. This is another signal difference between the printed word and the word written for films.

Among the many frustrations a screen writer experiences is his resentment of his immediate bosses, the producer and the company executives. From time immemorial (to a screen writer this means 1903, the year Thomas Edison released "The Great Train Robbery") he has inveighed against administrators who supervise the creative processes. Writers are convinced that all front office personnel approach every screenplay with total recoil. Some of the finest unwritten invective in the English language has been applied to these executives. They are known variously as the Satraps of Sunset, the masters of instantaneous indecision, towers of jello, and abominable no-men. This resentment approaches incipient violence when the producer "helps" the writer by some writing of his own. "Give a producer a pencil and he'll cut your throat with it" best describes the writer's attitude toward such gratuitous assistance.

But the supremely aggravating aspect of screen writing lies not so much in the work itself as in the total lack of recognition involved. A writer's name is flashed on the screen for approximately three and a half seconds. Of the 200 million people who attend the movies weekly throughout the world, probably not more than 100 nonprofessional members of the audience know the name of a single screen writer. This is the acme of anonymity. the nadir of nothingness. The surging roar of "Author! Author!" at an opening night is not for their ears; no literate fan ever asks for their autographs. There is little or no ego satisfaction in the life of a screen writer.

SO sparse is the public recognition given the scenarist that when the New York Film Critics decided last year, after twenty-five years of existence, to include a writing award for films, writers throughout Hollywood were as astonished as they were grateful.

The only attention vouchsafed the unknown screen writer is of a strictly parochial nature. The Screen Achievement Records Bulletin, issued by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, contains such uninspiring one-line data as: "Jeremiah Jorgenson, joint story and screenplay, The Fourteenth Apostle, Columbia, 1951." It hardly need be mentioned that this bulletin's circulation is pitifully limited to story editors and an occasional inquisitive producer.

In addition to this listing, there are a number of other specialized groups that bow perfunctorily in the direction of the writer. Annual awards are granted by the Writer's Guild to its members, and the Academy itself presents the celebrated "Oscars," but these are necessarily somewhat incestuous and do little to make the public aware that somebody must have written the words the actors speak. Outside the film industry, there are dozens of prizes and accolades for films, but none for writers. Their anonymity is almost total. There is an authentic review in the Academy files by a film critic who saw a presentation of Ann Sothern in a picture called "Maisie" and wrote, "Miss Sothern's unceasing flow of bright sayings redeems a dull script."

There is still another anomaly in the life of the screen writer. Unknown publicly, he yet depends uniquely upon the public for his advancement. In essence, he lives on credit, the list of produced pictures he has written. He is solvent only when his credits enjoy a high rating in that box-office barom-

(Continued on page 50)

"How should *I* know why boys shoot us? Maybe they need acorns to live, too,"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HORIZONS

After the Fury, a Time of Peace

By Granville Hicks

WILLIAM STYRON'S first novel, "Lie Down in Darkness," published in 1951, established him as a young hopeful. He had been, as anyone could see, a good deal influenced by Faulkner, particularly by "The Sound and the Fury," but Styron, it was clear, had learned from the master instead of merely imitating him. Two years later he published a novelette, "The Long March," which, brief as it was, showed that he had other talents, and whetted the appetite for another full-length novel.

Now, at last, that novel has appeared —**"Set This House on Fire"** (Random House, $5.95)—and Styron is no longer a young hopeful; he is one of our important writers. A novel as rich and deep, as carefully wrought as this takes more thinking about than a reviewer with a deadline can give it. Time will be needed to determine how large Styron's achievement is. But it is large.

Faulkner is still an influence but now only in a general way. What Styron owes to Faulkner is principally his determination to achieve the greatest possible emotional intensity, not only in the novel as a whole but in each individual scene. The book recalls both "Light in August" and "Absalom, Absalom!" not because the story is similar to either but because experience is squeezed of its last drop of significance in the same relentless fashion.

"Set This House on Fire" is, in the Dostoievskyan sense, a mystery story, the story of a crime, and a first-rate one too. If in the first part Styron develops the situation carefully, the second part drives forward with irresistible force. Of course, the real drama takes place in the minds of the characters, especially in the mind of the murderer, but the reader is possessed by eagerness to know what happened as well as why.

For a big book, it has a small cast of characters. There are only three who count heavily: Mason Flagg, the victim; Cass Kinsolving, the murderer; Peter Leverett, the narrator. Leverett is a young lawyer and by his own account an ordinary sort of fellow. ("It is with neither pride nor distress that I confess that—in the idiom of our time—I am something of a square.") In the first part he tells how he came to know Mason Flagg and how he happened to visit him in Sambuco on the coast of Italy. At Sambuco he met Cass Kinsolving and became involved in the events he has set out to describe.

It is to the portrayal of Flagg that Part I is mainly devoted. Peter had known him in preparatory school—rich, spoiled, precocious. He knew him later in New York and was fascinated by his bizarre erudition, his unabashed lies, his extravagant theories about sex. Before long the enchantment began to wear thin, and by the time he left for Europe Peter had misgivings enough about Flagg, but still, four years later, he was pleased with the idea of seeing him again.

At Sambuco disillusionment comes quickly, and Peter looks with horror on "that slick, arrogant, sensual, impenitently youthful, American and vainglorious face to which I had paid for so long my guiltladen fealty." To the reader Flagg appears a monster of self-will and destructiveness, particularly in his exploitation and degradation of the drunken Cass Kinsolving. After his first shocking night in Sambuco, Peter wakens to a great scandal: a peasant girl has been raped and so beaten that she is dying, and Mason Flagg is dead, presumably a suicide.

Part II is Cass's story. Peter, two years after the bloody happenings in Sambuco, has gone to South Carolina to talk with Cass, and talk they do, though at first Cass is reluctant. Part II begins with Cass's saying to Peter, "I always figured you knew I had killed him." And then we get the story, partly as Cass tells it to Peter on the riverbank in South Carolina, partly as it is revealed in the journal Cass kept at the time, partly as Peter reconstructs it.

THE story begins in Paris at a moment of crisis in Cass's life as a painter. "You know," he tells Peter, "you can't work without faith, and, boy, I was as faithless as an alleycat." He was sick "from despair and self-loathing and greed and selfishness and spite." Knowing that he has talent, but powerless to create, he takes to drink. With his wife and their four children, he drifts onward to Italy and at last he arrives at Sambuco.

It is in Sambuco that Cass accidentally encounters Mason Flagg. What Flagg obviously has to offer Cass is money; the deeply masochistic desires he fulfils can only be surmised. At any rate, Flagg ministers to Cass's craving for liquor and keeps his establishment solvent, while he systematically humilates him. Cass not only demeans himself by painting a pornographic picture for Flagg's money; he performs obscenely at one of Flagg's parties. It is another such obscene performance that Peter Leverett witnesses.

At the same time Cass is romantically attracted to a peasant girl, Francesca, and is making frantic efforts to help her tubercular father. These efforts contribute to his exhaustion on the day of Peter's arrival in Sambuco. That night Flagg rapes Francesca. Cass can endure no more, and kills him.

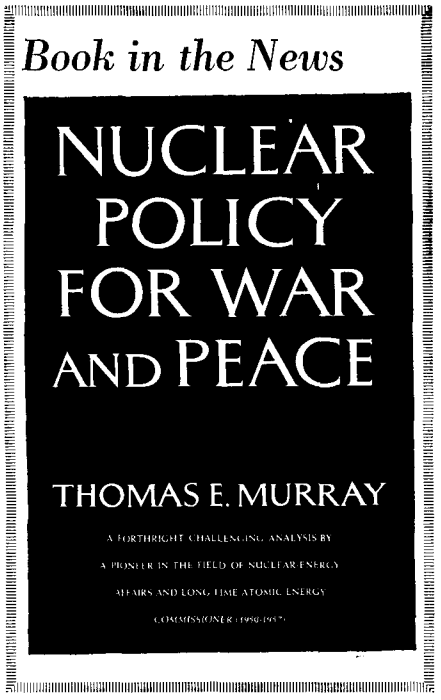
Styron's account of the death in life of Cass Kinsolving has rarely been equaled. The title of the book comes from a passage in one of John Donne's sermons, a haunting, harrowing meditation on the agony of being deprived of God, and it is a deprivation of similar intensity, though not defined in the same way, that Cass suffers. But now, thanks to a philosophical policeman who has concealed the evidence of his guilt, he has come to a turning point. He is confronted with an existentialist choice, between being and nothingness, and Kinsolving chooses being.

TO summarize the novel is to obscure its richness. Scenes not directly connected with the central mystery cling to the memory: Peter's accident on his way to Sambuco, Cass's account of his first girl, Flagg's fabrications about his wartime adventures in Yugoslavia. Every scene, as I have said, is fully realized. When one takes everything into account—the subtle imagery, the stylistic versatility, the play of ideas—one acknowledges gratefully that here is God's plenty.

At the center is the philosophical theme, the choice between being and nothingness. Flagg's way of life has excluded being, and so he is committed to nothingness and becomes a monster. Cass, on the other hand, chooses being, and this is not merely said but is made real to the reader. As he carefully points out at the end, Cass has not achieved a state of grace; he has not found "some belief, some rock" that will endure forever. He has merely found that he can go on "in the hope of being what I could be for a time." "I had come back," he concludes. "And that for a while would do, that would suffice."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book in the News


NUCLEAR POLICY FOR WAR AND PEACE
THOMAS E. MURRAY
A FORTHRIGHT CHALLENGING ANALYSIS BY
A PIONEER IN THE FIELD OF NUCLEAR ENERGY
AFFAIRS AND LONG-TIME ATOMIC ENERGY

"Nuclear Policy for War and Peace," by Thomas E. Murray *(World. 241 pp. $4), urges the development of "clean" bombs and the testing of tactical nuclear weapons. Herbert Jehle is former editor of the newsletter of the Society for Social Responsibility in Science.*

By Herbert Jehle

A MAN with a conscience, the former Atomic Energy Commissioner and present consultant to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Thomas E. Murray, is gravely concerned.

"I do not see," he says, "how it is possible to write a meaningful book on the subject of atomic energy policies except from a moral standpoint. . . . I am not so deeply disturbed by the inability of statesmen to reach perfect agreement over what is moral policy and what is not. What profoundly disturbs me is the appalling indifference of many persons in responsible positions to the moral aspects of public policy questions. These men may be eminently moral and upright in their own private lives. They may even possess deep-rooted moral convictions concerning the uses to which the atom should be put. But they seem to take for granted that in a secular, pluralistic society like the one in which we live, it is the height of imprudence to raise questions of morality in discussions of public policy. Furthermore, many policy makers believe that certain 'felt necessities,' political, economic or military, must always prove overriding in the process of reaching decisions concerned with the national interest. Hence, they say, there is little point in needlessly complicating already complex questions by intruding the extraneous issue of morality."

Like those of many of his contemporaries, his is a cry in the wilderness:

> We Americans have always prided ourselves on the unique character of our mission and the high moral quality of our activity in the world. Not infrequently throughout our history we have adopted a superior attitude toward other nations and peoples. How often have we justified our innate isolationism by professing our disdain from the crass "power politics" of the Old World? Paradoxically enough, it is possible to make out a very good case for the proposition that we are as indifferent to moral values in our policies as those whom we criticize. Our present strategic policy of massive retaliation, for example, when measured against the traditional Western Christian moral concept of war, appears to be nothing short of barbarian in its ultimate implications.

Mr. Murray considers the role of knowledge and zeal with regard to the problems to be solved in the realm of nuclear policy. "The atom," he notes, "has exhibited a remarkable power of arousing human emotions. Zeal for atomic causes has not by any means been scarce. But the zeal has often turned out to be founded upon misinformation. . . In the area of atomic affairs, therefore, the first prerequisite to the development of policy solutions to the nuclear dilemma is an understanding of the nuclear facts of life—and death." What a great contribution would have been provided by a clear analysis of those basic remarks with which the author starts his book!

INSTEAD, he goes on with proposals which give the critical reader the impression, ironically enough, that in Mr. Murray's own words, "in a fit of absentmindedness we have allowed military technology to shape our strategic policy." The author, in fact, closely follows a reasoning which indulges in wishful thinking.

To take but two examples, there is the "clean" H bomb, which he wants to get vigorously developed—with the noble thought of sparing allies, neutrals, and ourselves the fate of fallout, and with the intent of having an "antimissile," as if that were a workable gadget. Then there are the tactical nuclear weapons that he wants tested and developed, while at the same time he hopes other nations can be induced to stop testing and developing their more interesting superweapons. Mr. Murray also thinks we could risk the use of tactical nuclear weapons without such action degenerating into a general nuclear war—that in face of the strategists' credo that in nuclear warfare all that counts may be to be first with the use of a more or most potent weapon.

The main purpose and content of the book is just this thesis of tactical nuclear warfare. The reviewer cannot but feel that its irresponsibility superficial reasoning leads us straight to the abyss.

WE get from Mr. Murray's book an impression of compromise: compromise in reasoning and compromise of moral principles. This is the more appalling because of the book's emphasis on moral principles. As Mr. Murray himself is aware, irresponsible decisions in his field thrive on misrepresentation of the basic issues.

To place the guilt for the occurrence of a nuclear war on the person or country triggering it does not make much sense. The start might be highly accidential and no one might survive it. The moral guilt lies on those who pile up nuclear stockpiles and test and develop these ghastly weapons now, and on those who nuclearize their armies, and even export A bombs.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 885

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 885 will be found in the next issue.

SENDMAN TREND R

FRY PRY XM

YMNDEYB; SEND EN

RCC NDEYBL RGH

QMLLEKCH.

LEG SECCERF MLCHG

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 884

Men build their cultures by huddling together, nervously loquacious, at the edge of an abyss.
—KENNETH BURKE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMEDY

Laughter Is a Changing Fashion

"The Power of Satire: Ritual, Magic, Art," by Robert C. Elliott *(Princeton University Press. 200 pp. $6), and* ***"The Amiable Humorist: A Study in the Comic Theory and Criticism of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century," by Stuart M. Tave*** *(University of Chicago Press. 304 pp. $5), describe the evolution that has taken place in literary laughter. Stephen Poiter, no mean satirist himself, is the author of "Gamesmanship," "Lifemanship," "One-upmanship," and "Supermanship."*

By Stephen Potter

BEFORE the war I wrote a book of light intent the subject of which is relative to this article. It was called "The Muse in Chains." Unlike my more serious studies of human behavior, this never quite succeeded in struggling into America; so that I will explain that the title refers to a muse of my own invention, English Literature. "Chains" is a subtle reference to the parasites of this world, who bury it in textbooks, charmingly allusive essays about footnotes to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" *("fairy rings:* this refers of course to the *fungus Agaricus orcades"),* and literary arguments ("I am surprised that so eminent a scholar as Dr. Fosdick"), with plenty of *cf, cp* and [*sic*] thrown in. I thought that this apparatus, so far removed from creative writing, had clipped the wings of its great subject. I called the result "Eng Lit," or "Lit" for short.

At first sight these two books seem to fall into this category. Both choose as their subject a literary form, and the bibliography of Lit is full of papers with titles like "Middle Period of the Sonnet of Discontent" and "Final Decade of the Novel of Frustrated Passion." The first, particularly, dedicated to the Comic, its theory and criticism from Restoration Drama to Pickwick Papers, suggests the Lit smile, and Lit laughter. This period also happens to contain a good chunk of what I call the Lit sandwich: the alleged existence of a layer of eighteenth-century classical between two thick slices of romantic; and the author of an essay on this subject can always discover, importantly and truthfully, that in fact all three layers are pretty well mixed.

But in spite of outward appearances and a formidable wad of footnotes at the end, it would be quite unfair to put Mr. Tave's "The Amiable Humorist" into that category. The change in the attitude toward comedy which it describes is something much more than a footnote to a fashion. It is the evolution of a change in attitude, in the conception of comedy, from raillery to humor in the modern sense of that word: the change—to oversimplify—from laughing at to laughing with. Here is the heartless and sometimes witless cynicism of the Restoration dramatists put down first by Congreve himself, then by Addison and Steele with their theme of the tempering of wit by good nature. Here is the misnamed Sentimental Movement coming to rescue us from classical severity. Here, later in the eighteenth century, is the new interpretation of the characters of Falstaff and Don Quixote, to teach us to laugh at those who merely laugh at them. Until in the nineteenth century the wheel has gone full circle, humane humor is finally in, and only the relentlessly unplaceable Byron is left to say:

"O Mirth and Innocence: O Milk and Water!"

The story is told in an easy and elegant style, the references are original and pertinent and are bound to increase our knowledge of comedy. The author is one of those scholars who is well read in depths, not merely in surface area.

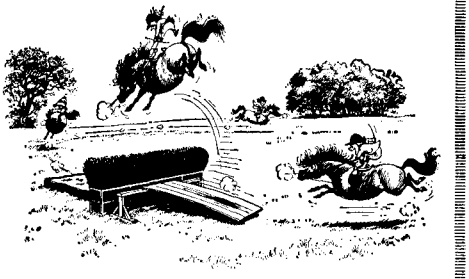
When I took up Mr. Elliott's "Power of Satire" I thought I was right back in the Eng Lit world because I opened it at this sentence:

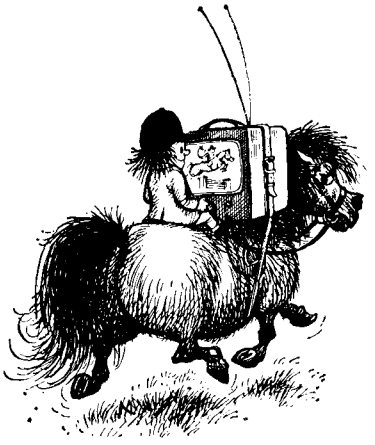
> The formal verse satire has always a negative and a positive aspect, as it were. In what Miss Randolph calls Part A, the satire attacks a specific vice or folly (sometimes, to the pain of purists, vices or follies) and in Part B recommends an opposing virtue.

But again, it is not fair to quote out of context, and appearances are deceptive. Mr. Elliott writes about satire because he admires it, because he is exhilarated by it, because it is an act of just vengeance. There is nothing of the gently discursive Litman about him: and it is power satire, not pinprick satire, that moves him. Dryden differentiates between the satire which is

(Continued on page 33)

BUCOLIC BRITAIN is the target of Norman Thelwell's wit in a new book, **"Thelwell Country"** (Dutton, $2.95). Thelwell gleefully depicts the struggles of man against nature, and those who are familiar with his *Punch* cartoons may be certain that nature won't be the loser. English pride in horsemanship is traditional; here are three drawings which illustrate Thelwell's ideas on the subject.





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hosannas from a Hallowed Few

"The Origin and Meaning of Hasidism," by Martin Buber; *translated by Maurice Friedman (Horizon. 254 pp. $4.50), and* ***"Martin Buber: Jewish Existentialist," by Malcolm L. Diamond*** *(Oxford. 240 pp. $4.50), penetrate the mist enveloping the philosophy of a sect that flourished in eighteenth-century Middle European ghettoes. Roland B. Gittelsohn, rabbi of Temple Israel in Boston, is the author of "Modern Jewish Problems" and "Little Lower Than the Angels."*

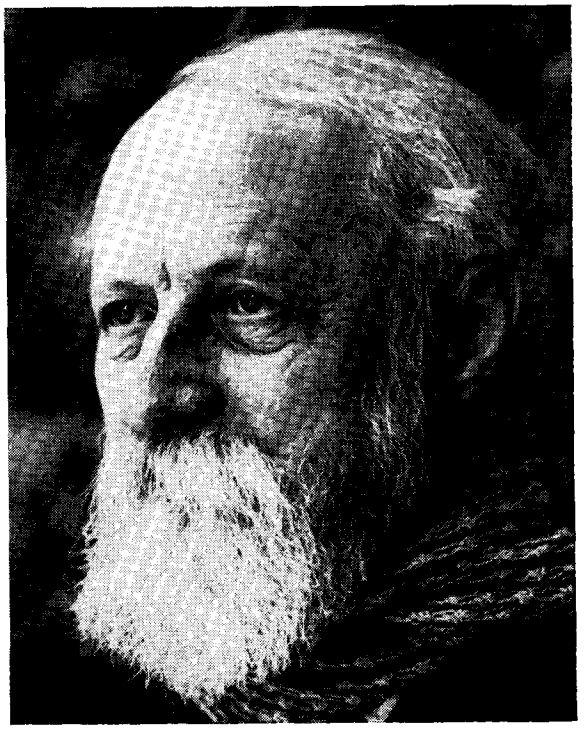
By Roland B. Gittelsohn

SINCE the earliest years of the century the name of Martin Buber has been almost indelibly identified with Hasidism, the movement of "popular communal mysticism" in Jewish life which originated a little more than 200 years ago. Many illuminating essays on the Hasidim have come from Buber's pen and hundreds of their priceless parables and tales have been transcribed by him. What a fortunate coincidence that now the final volume of his essays on the subject and a perceptive biography of the man himself should appear.

Maurice Friedman, who served as translator and editor of several earlier Buber volumes, has faithfully performed the same functions for "The Origin and Meaning of Hasidism." The essays themselves are spotty and uneven, as would almost necessarily be the case with papers written originally over a span from 1921 to 1943 with a supplement dated 1954.

Here Buber once more emphasizes those aspects of Hasidism which have endeared it to him. First, its experiential quality—the fact that it "in the first instance is not a category of teaching, but one of life." He lauds the early groups of faithful ones, each centered around a *zaddik*, a righteous leader, each forming "a group of religious personalities of a vitality, a spiritual powerfulness, and a manifold originality" which constituted "a society that lives by its faith."

Second, Buber likes the fact that the faith of the Hasidim encompassed the whole of life. For Hasidism—as indeed for Judaism at large—there was no distinction between the sacred and the profane. There was only the hallowed and the not-yet-hallowed. Buber cites with manifest approval the disciple who, when asked what had been most important to his late master, replied: "Always just what he was engaged in at the moment." His own way of expressing much the same sentiment is this: "He who divides his life between God and the world, through giving the world, 'what is its' to save for God 'what is His,' denies God the service He demands, the giving of direction to all power, the hallowing of the everyday in the world and the soul."



Martin Buber—"emphasizes unity of all life."

The third magnet attracting Buber to Hasidism is its approval of the simple man. Originating in large part as a rebellion against the overly rigorous intellectual discipline of medieval Jewish life, the movement magnifies emotional simplicity and unity. One of its great leaders, asked why he was so happy to welcome the simple people who came to him, answered; "All my effort and work are directed toward becoming simple, and they are simple already."

Much of the foregoing has been stressed by Buber before. The unique value of this collection is that it also with keen insight, compares and contrasts Hasidism with Biblical prophecy, earlier Jewish mysticism, false messianism in Jewish history, Zen Buddhism, and Christianity. What it fails to recognize, in my opinion, is that the very correctives which Hasidism applied to the extremes of intellectualism became extremes themselves, which in time woefully distorted the nature and meaning of Judaism. It is as if one were to eat an unseasoned meal and—perceiving the absence of condiments—were to follow it with a menu consisting only of pepper and salt. The seasoning of Hasidism, when integrated within the whole of Judaism, including its discipline and learning and rationalism, adds invigorating flavor. When extracted and served by itself, there is grave danger that Judaism becomes subverted.

For example: Judaism is essentially a rational faith. Hasidism, even at the hand of so profound a philosopher as Buber, comes perilously close to anti-intellectualism. Judaism has always emphasized the group more than the individual, yet has insisted on the individual's direct access to God. When Hasidism idolizes the *zaddik*—almost deifies him—and calls him "the man who mediates between God and the community," there is a strangely un-Jewish ring to the concept and the words.

On the other hand, Buber makes it uncontrovertibly clear that mysticism in Judaism is something quite different from what it has meant in other faiths. Aside from the fact that its role has been generally subservient to that of rationalism, even where Jewish mysticism flourished—as in Hasidism—it never encouraged escape from the practical affairs of life or permitted abdication of man's ethical responsibilities. Buber puts it this way: "No renunciation is commanded. One eats in consecration.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . One dances in consecration. . . . One works in consecration . . . One walks over the fields in consecration... A man is united with his wife in consecration and the Shekina [Spirit of God] rests over them."

Many of the teachings thus expressed directly by Buber are skilfully refracted by Malcolm Diamond in his affectionate and sympathetic biography. His title, however, raises the question of whether Buber can really be designated an existentialist. The difficulty of definition is recognized at once when Diamond refers to the existentialists in general as "that disparate group of philosophical individualists who somehow manage to strike enough chords in common to evoke the descriptive term 'existentialists'." He proceeds to sound three of the common chords. One is the insistence that the great philosophic questions must be approached not with an antiseptic objectivity, but from the point of view of personal human involvement, even of "passionate engagement." Another is a pronounced note of antirationalism. The third is the sound of pessimism, mounting to "neurotic preoccupation with the agonies of existence."

There can be no doubt that Buber sounds the first chord. His philosophy of I-Thou relationships, applied not only to God but to one's fellow men and even to the inanimate objects of nature, is surely the apex of involvement. But even the irrational strains of Hasidism, when filtered through the mind of Buber, somehow come out less crudely exposed than they actually were. And nowhere is Buber pessimistic; he expresses an optimism which is characteristically Jewish. The question remains, then, whether confusion is not compounded by labeling him an existentialist.

There is no confusion, however, in Diamond's excellent elucidation of Buber's relationship to Christianity. Because he has expressed a warmer appreciation of Jesus than do most Jews—even referring to "my own fraternally open relationship to him"—he has at times been suspected of being a Christian in all but name. This Diamond shows clearly not to be so. Buber accepts Jesus as a committed Jew, even as a forerunner of the *zaddik* in Hasidism, but never as the Christ. He dissents, moreover, from many of the teachings of Pauline Christianity.

Where the early church urged, at least in theory, nonresistance to evil, Buber writes: "I cannot help withstanding evil when I see that it is about to destroy the good. I am forced to withstand the evil in the world just as the evil within myself." Where Paul preaches a dualism of body and soul, of profane and sacred, Buber—stresses the unity of all life, with man assuming the ineluctable burden of sanctifying the apparently profane. Where Christianity emphasizes Original Sin, from which man can be redeemed only by God's grace, Buber—the Jew—can go no further than to assert that "man sins as Adam sinned and not because Adam sinned." He leaves no room for doubt on where he stands: ". . . in distinction to [Christianity] which demanded that one should live as though the Kingdom of God had already dawned, Hasidism affirmed the natural reality of the still unmessianic hour as the material to be hallowed."

Not the least of Diamond's successes is the fact that, while obviously feeling deep affection for Buber the man and considerable affinity for his thought, he has managed to produce a biography which is laudatory but not unduly partisan. He recognizes the defects as well as the virtues in Buber: that he sometimes totters perilously close to the brink of obscurantism and superstition, that he reads Judaism in general and Hasidism in particular selectively, emphasizing elements which appeal to him at the expense of others which are at least equally important.

The two volumes together can add much to our understanding of a great mind and of the movement it has so brilliantly illuminated.

For Man the Glory of Reason

"Anatomy of Faith," by Milton Steinberg; *edited by Arthur A. Cohen (Harcourt, Brace. 304 pp. $4.75), defines the philosophy of a religion without dogma. SR's reviewis the Rev. Joseph D. Huntley of the Broadway Church in New York.*

By Joseph D. Huntley

MILTON STEINBERG'S "Anatomy of Faith" commemorates the tenth anniversary of this noted rabbi's death. Rabbi of the Park Avenue Synagogue from 1933 until his death in 1950, his books have included "The Making of the Modern Jew," "As a Driven Leaf," "Basic Judaism," and "A Believing Jew." In the introduction by Arthur A. Cohen, a student, friend, and obvious disciple of Steinberg's, there is an excellent, most readable, and interesting interpretation of Milton Steinberg's life. In the very last paragraph of that introduction, Mr. Cohen writes, "Milton Steinberg was inexpressibly gentle, warm, understanding and compassionate. His books will survive the memory of his person, but those who live and remember his presence will recall not the book and the writings. They will recall rather that this was a rare creature who so loved his creator that he could withhold love from no man." Cohen also comments that "in every generation there are those who do more than move with the tide of culture, who succeed in transcending its conditions, and thereby altering them." You cannot read Mr. Cohen's introduction or Milton Steinberg's essays without being gripped by the rabbi's warmth, his daring, and his tremendous intellectual grasp. I have never read an apology for Judaism, which fundamentally this book is, that has been so convincing. Nor have I read an interpretation of men like Kierkegaard, Barth, Reinhold Niebuhr, Dewey, James, and others done with such lucidity. Difficult or abstruse ideas no longer seem so difficult or abstruse once Milton Steinberg sets about to interpret and explain.

Judaism, in contrast to Christianity, is presented as a faith which glories in its rationality whereas Christianity's greatest doctrines cannot be defended on rational premises. Who can logically, point by point and step by step, explain the virgin birth, the Trinity, the Incarnation, or the Atonement? In spite of all one's logic and all one's explanations, an act of faith is still necessary to affirm Christianity's most cherished tenets. Christianity seems to glory in its irrationality. Faith has

Milton Steinberg—"a Te Deum to hope, courage, and rationalism."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those areas where reason cannot enter, in fact is looked upon with suspicion.

Again Judaism has never preoccupied itself with what may happen to man in a world to came. It is much more concerned with what is happening to man here and now. Its other-world emphasis is definitely underplayed whereas Christianity's eschatological preoccupations are too well known to need any description. Moreover, there is an understanding or feeling for human shortcomings in Judaism which Christianity so often fails to understand.

Steinberg describes modern man as one for whom sin is irrelevant. When he looks out on a world seemingly bent on destroying itself with so much hate where there should be love and at times a fanatical and blazon exultation of evil, he is convinced that "there is nothing in society or within human nature so objectionable and ineradicable as to be unyielding to the medicaments of reason and social correction." Furthermore modern man is self-sufficient and self-reliant. He is his own salvation and does not need the help of an outsider or an outside agency. His moral autonomy is absolute and invincible. Finally, modern man looks upon life as an "ascending plane, a mounting spiral in which, through trial and error, man rises higher, creating ever more stately chambers for his soul."

In complete contrast to modern man's credo, we find that the concept of sin is again in the front line of theological and philosophical debate. The ability of man to save himself is seriously questioned, if not ridiculed, and the reality of progress is visionary.

Milton Steinberg stands somewhere between modern man's idealism and what we might call modern man's realism. He certainly rejects any exaggerated emphasis on man's sin. He is not so naïve as to see a new world just around the corner. Nor is he so naïve as to believe that this life is "ever onward and upward." On the other hand, he expresses a confidence in humankind's ability to solve some of its own problems, to not be as dependent upon the caprice and whim of providence or chance as some would like, and to be completely justified in a healthy appreciation for the things of this world.

I found the book fascinating from cover to cover, and I would certainly recommend it to those Jews who feel they need a more adequate interpretation of their faith and to those Christians who are all too certain that they have an edge on the truth. Steinberg's book is a Te Deum to hope, courage, and rationalism in an age where these qualities are not easily found.

Spokesman for the Self

"Max Weber: An Intellectual Portrait," by Richard Bendix *(Doubleday. 480 pp. $5.75), widens the acquaintance with the seminal ideas of a nineteenth-century German scholar who foresaw many of the socio-cultural problems harassing us today. The Rev. Harry C. Meserve, who wrote "No Peace of Mind," is director of program for the Academy of Religion and Mental Health.*

By Harry C. Meserve

MAX WEBER is a name known to relatively few Americans and yet among the social, economic, and religious philosophers of our century Weber will be regarded as a germinal thinker. Born, educated, and immersed throughout his life in the high tradition of German liberal and rational thought, he was one of the few men of his age to see prophetically into some of the deepest cultural and political problems of the present age. Like his colleague and contemporary Ernest Troelstch, he examined the foundations of capitalism in the Protestant tradition and perceived how the need to make profit had become identical with the need to please God. He also saw one of the strangest paradoxes of Puritanism. The Puritan accepted the idea of predestination. God had either by his Grace elected him to salvation or by his Justice consigned him to damnation in advance. Man's works on earth could not change this decision. Yet this conviction which would, at first glance, appear to make man indifferent to this world, did in fact result in an enormous social, political, and economic energy and a standard of community rectitude unequaled in human history.

This interest in the way ethical and religious values worked within his own community, the Germany of the late nineteenth century, led Weber into extensive studies of the effects of traditional religious faiths upon culture and economic life. He studied ancient Judaism and the religions of China and India from a sociological point of view, striving to show how these classic faiths influenced social and political forms. In this he prefigured our own contemporary concern with the confrontation by Christianity of the other major religions of mankind. But Weber was not a naïve dilettante who rejoiced that Christians and Jews could share such general maxims as the Golden Rule with the religions of the East. He studied also the profound differences in meaning and intensity such as the West's need and struggle for the organization of power along lines of democratic participation as against the East's tendency to accept traditional domination and patrimonial rule with only the most elementary kinds of democracy.

Weber's problem, the beginnings of which he recognized as having been present in the Germany of Bismarck and the dangers of which he saw with increasing intensity, was whether the emerging and ever-growing bureaucracy of the democratic state might not be as great a threat to the liberty of the individual man as the fawning and subservient bureaucracy found in the governments of tyrants and autocrats. He studied bureaucracy and its effects both in ancient and modern societies and in autocratic and democratic states. He would have appreciated "Parkinsons Law."

Weber's relevance to our time is that he was one of a few who saw that as the democratic state emerged and grew strong its very success would present it with many of the same old problems faced by autocratic states: problems of power, of entrenched corruption, and of men reduced to a hunger for mere security, which could be satisfied only by mere conformity. In his studies Weber tried to think dispassionately, but the outline of his life, the serious emotional problems which he constantly faced, lead one to believe that he was deeply involved in what he believed to be crucial issues for the welfare of man in his own time.

The problems with which Weber dealt are those which have concerned us all during the decade just ended. They have been the subjects of many books. One cannot turn to Weber today without thinking of Orwell's "1984" and Huxley's "Brave New World" or of "The Organization Man," "The Hidden Persuaders," and "The Status Seekers," or of that most searching study of man in our contemporary society, David Riesman's "The Lonely Crowd." Weber did not exactly foresee all these problems. Yet he felt them before they became the obsessive and acute questions which they now are. In his strange and, to us, antiquated way, he spoke up for the survival of the free, autonomous individual in an increasingly complicated and mechanized society. Weber represents a prevision of many of our socio-cultural problems together with an informed view of the likenesses and differences among the world's great ethical and religious systems.

We are indebted to Professor Bendix for this authoritative, comprehensive, and detailed survey of an important and little-known thinker.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Brouhaha in Dublin

"Through Streets Broad and Narrow," by Gabriel Fielding *(Morrow. 340 pp. $4.50), follows the career of Horab Greenbloom through a spate of Irish adventures. Peter Green, an English critic, is the author of "Kenneth Grahame."*

By Peter Green

AFTER THE next atomic cataclysm but three, some enterprising archeologist may, with luck, dig up "Through Streets Broad and Narrow" and its predecessor, "In the Time of Greenbloom." In due course both volumes will be fed into the academic research machine, and provide it with a rich meal: "The name 'Horab Greenbloom' is, of course, deeply symbolical. Horab (or Horeb) associates this character with Sinai, and, by implication, with Moses and the Tables of the Law. 'Greenbloom' reveals in addition a year-demon or vegetation deity, while the maimed leg must refer to Amfortas the Fisher King. Thus this *Judaeus ex machina* who, like Icarus, soars aloft only to crash off-course, and wrestles with a dark Teutonic god for his brother's soul, can be viewed in a truly mythic context. . . ." And so on. But a contemporary reviewer has no such supporting arsenals at his command. He can only wonder why on earth Mr. Fielding is so obsessed by Horab Greenbloom, and why he persists in dragging him in, *à tort et à travers,* when nothing in the plot (except perhaps a temporary failure of imagination) can be said to demand it.

Consider this new novel, in many ways more impressive than its predecessor: a medical *Bildungsroman* set in Dublin before and during the last war. How does the ineffable Greenbloom impinge on it? Well, first he turns up in Anglesea with a grandiose plan to blow up a church in order to discover some early relics of St. Kilian, and departs under a cloud, in more senses than one. He later reappears as a British press attaché in wartime Dublin (passing himself off as an American metallurgist just to confuse matters) and has a fine melodramatic showdown with his German opposite number, the bone of contention being Horab's brother Eli, a Dachau victim. This part

Gabriel Fielding – "has written a brilliant, infuriating novel."

of the novel, a confused welter of bribery, brooding symbolism, and crypto-religious brouhaha, could without loss have been pitched into Dublin Bay, where I don't doubt it would have given the prawns indigestion.

The curious thing is that the Greenbloom episodes can be stripped away almost without affecting the novel's main theme, which is briefly, a brilliant paradigm of the medical student's life. John Blaydon is again the central figure, eighteen years old now, but still haunted by the ghost of his childhood sweetheart, cruelly murdered by a casually-met sex maniac. His subsequent relationships with the teases and flibbertigibbets, the Oonaghs and Dymphans who hang around Trinity, are affected more than he knows by this memory. Blaydon is an awkward customer, hag-ridden by adolescence; he antagonizes the medical faculty with a satirical paper read at a college society meeting, and contrives to rub most of his acquaintances the wrong way before he's done with them.

Mr. Fielding has written a brilliant, infuriating, awkward novel—rather like Blaydon's own character. He gives us a riotously funny glimpse of the Anglo-Irish at home in their ancestral acres (all snobbery, snipe-shooting, and snide malarkey); a ludicrous yet grisly fight scene in a Paris brothel; a Kafka-esque, Goodbye-to-Berlin picture of wartime Dublin, and, above all, an uncomfortably impressive dissection of doctors in the making, enlivened with sub-Rabelaisian rhetoric.

In short, a very Irish novel: gabby, subtle, slapdash, and clumsy; smelling of peat, porter, horse dung, and hospital ether; quietly neurotic, yet with manic moments; and, for all its surface sentimentality, as realistic *au fond* as a pair of old Galway hunting boots.

Twilight Over Capitol Hill

"Tongue of Fire," by Ernest Frankel *(Dial. 502 pp. $4.95), recreates those not so distant days when a U.S. Senator led America on a witch-hunt. CBS Washington correspondent George Herman covered the Army-McCarthy hearings.*

By George Herman

THE CHARACTERS who move through the halls of Washington, the streets of the small Southern towns, the bedrooms and the back rooms of politicians in this novel have something of the look of old newspaper photographs. They are sharp in detail, but flat, lacking any depth or third dimension. This is because author Ernest Frankel has chosen to illuminate them only by the hot glare of light thrown off by Representative Kane O'Connor, a political luminary of an instantly recognizable sort.

O'Connor is chairman of a subcommittee hunting for Communists in the U.S. Government. His televised hearings and far-reaching charges soon have the whole nation in a state of semi-hysteria and he becomes bold enough to challenge the authority of the President of the United States. Both in the general image, and in a host of individual details, O'Connor emerges as a close parallel in fiction to the reality of Senator Joseph McCarthy, the late junior Senator from Wisconsin.

This is not, however, a novelized version of anybody's actual life. This is a true creation, a tour de force. Mr. Frankel, who depicted so realistically average human beings in "Band of Brothers," has attempted here a more difficult task. He has tried to create

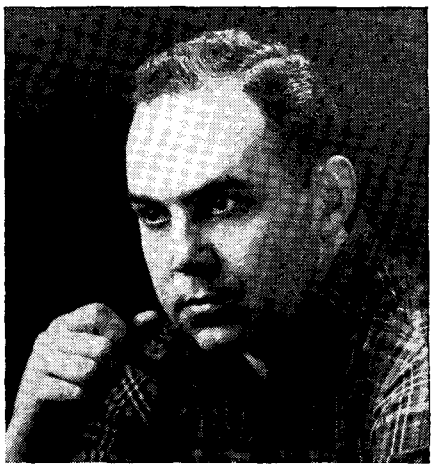
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the plentiful raw material of American life a plausible human being who would be capable of doing, for his own built-in reasons, many of the things Senator McCarthy did. This is a sort of laboratory experiment by the novelist to see whether he can construct a model which will duplicate certain observed functions. And the model of Kane O'Connor is self-consistent.

Step by step Mr. Frankel builds up Congressman O'Connor as a man not only willing to broadcast his unproven charges, but who actually must do so. The charges become a part of the man, not fully believed by him, but no longer separable from his thinking.

To see all this Mr. Frankel has us look through a microscope, not a wide-angle lens. There is no historical perspective. The truly remarkable combination of circumstances that ripened the American mind for McCarthyism are nowhere sketched in. The issues are not clarified or illuminated, except as they affect the man. It is a one-man story surrounded with an abundance of detail; accurate, painstakingly precise, often pungent detail.

Mr. Frankel's title quotation states the thesis that a lying tongue, like a fire, eventually consumes itself. Senator McCarthy's flame expired because it had consumed all available fuel just as Senatorial fire fighters got up enough steam to battle the blaze. In the book, O'Connorism, despite the quotation, is quenched by determined Congressional action. Of the two endings Mr. Frankel's seems preferable.



Ernest Frankel — "accurate, painstakingly precise detail.

Journal of a Junkie

"Cain's Book," by Alexander Trocchi *(Grove Press. 252 pp. $3.95; paper, $1.95), ranges from realism to surrealism in its exploration of drug addiction. Warren Miller's novels include "The Way We Live Now" and "The Cool World."*

By Warren Miller

THE PUBLISHERS call this book a novel; the author refers to it as a document. What a work is supposed to be is a matter of some importance, but not, apparently, to Alexander Trocchi. ". . . art and liteature?" he asks. "Such concepts I sometimes read about, but they have nothing in intimacy with what I am doing, exposing, obscuring." What he has given us is a journal interspersed with excerpts from yet another journal, most of it dealing with the quest for and the taking of narcotics. There are several flashbacks to a pre-narcotized childhood in Scotland; these are the best parts of the book.

Joe, the writer of the journal, is a narcotics addict; he has a job on a barge, spends his earnings on heroin, seduces one woman and one man. He permits us to see him at work on this book, sitting at his typewriter ("I press the tabulator to sluice away my uncertainty, and begin to type . . .") and we follow him through to the very end, where he expresses the intention ". . . as soon as I have finished this last paragraph to go into the next room and turn on. Later I shall phone those who have kindly intimated their willingness to publish the document and tell them it is ready now . . ." though he knows, Joe does, that "nothing is ending, and certainly not this."

Those who expect that narcotics will give a special illumination to writing will be disappointed in this book. What occurs is not a vision of splendor but a flat apprehension of reality; it is like a photograph developed by an amateur who knows nothing of the darkroom techniques that can give richness and depth. Amateur is a word that keeps coming to mind when reading the work of the beat writers; except that they have changed the costume; they are the only dilettantes left. The characters in this book are amateur hustlers, shoplifters, pushers, and barge captains; and their doings are recorded by an amateur writer. They are professional only in the way they handle the needle. Then, curiously, the writing becomes for the first time controlled and exact:

> I find myself squirting a thin stream of water from the eyedropper through the number 26 needle into the air, cooking up another fix prodding the hardened cotton in the bubbling spoon. . . .

Even the number of the needle is given us. It is interesting to watch an avant-garde writer fall so easily and so often into the habits of a Naturalist. With the same lack of significance we are given, frequently, the numbers of piers and streets; and such information as "Piers 72 and 73 are close together. . . ."

There is no literary magic of numbers; it is only the beat novelist's compulsion to write at length about nothing at all. "Tundras of unmeaning" Trocchi calls this in what is the best and most accurate phrase in the book. And when all other means fail him, Mr. Trocchi writes, "I employ a mechanical device." He does indeed. Most of these devices he has borrowed from Kerouac, some are taken from the Surrealist writers of the Twenties, there are faint echoes of Blake (or perhaps only early Auden). Like Kerouac, he gives an air of "bigness" by using "big" words:

> Midhou was a great smoker of hashish, a troubadour, an Algerian in Paris who ate with his hands.

In the recollections of his family in Scotland, Mr. Trocchi shows us the kind of writer he could be if he ever shakes the habit of formlessness and his indifference to art. He will also have to come around to seeing that those quite ordinary working-class Scots are infinitely more interesting than the people around Sheridan Square who are forever saying, "Man, I just can't make that scene." Indeed, one could say that in this lies the whole difference between a document and a novel: in a novel the scene *is* made. It has got to be; otherwise, the writing has an unfortunate tendency to drift off the page.

Our affluent society is providing us not only with overcrowded highways but with publishers who are willing to bring out books like this. It is excellent for writers but very hard on the readers. For the writers' sake I hope it continues; at the same time, I find myself praying we will soon reach the bottom of the last trunk, that it will be over and done with, and that writers and publishers both will once again see the necessity of art.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

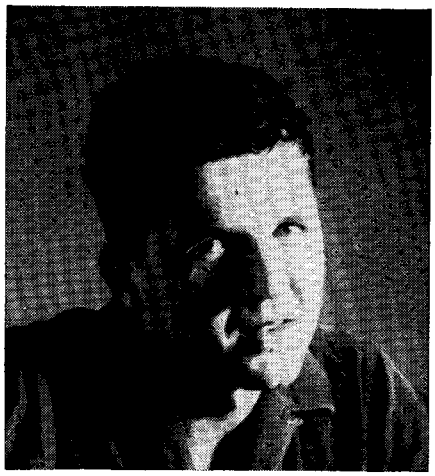
The Well-Trod Way to Holocaust

"A Canticle for Leibowitz," by Walter M. Miller, Jr. *(Lippincott. 320 pp. $4.95), projects a view of mankind centuries after atomic warfare. James Yaffe, the author of "Nothing But the Night," recently adapted Friedrich Duerrenmatt's "The Deadly Game" for Broadway.*

By James Yaffe

"A CANTICLE for Leibowitz," by Walter M. Miller, Jr., is a fantasy set in the world of the future, and belonging to the same genre as "Looking Backward," "Brave New World," and "1984." This kind of novel is not really concerned with the future at all; its chief purpose is to comment on contemporary ideas and institutions by projecting them far ahead to their logical conclusions.

Mr. Miller shows us the remnants of mankind, living in a sort of Dark Ages culture after a devastating atomic war. By means of the written records of Leibowitz—an obscure twentieth-century scientist who has become, through a series of historical accidents, the patron saint of a small religious order—the world gradually relearns those same dreadful atomic secrets which destroyed civilization centuries before. In the end mankind is once more unable to control its own knowledge, and a new holocaust begins. But there is one glimmer of hope. That same religious order which originally preserved the relics of Leibowitz exerts itself now to preserve some of the beauties and benefits of its own civilization. In the last pages of the novel a spaceship manages to escape from our ruined world with a small cargo of selected books and children. Thus the endless struggle between man's destructive materialism and his religious idealism comes once more to the same old conclusion—an apparent victory for the forces of destruction, a quiet underground victory for the forces of life and hope.



Walter Miller—destructive materialism *vs.* religious idealism.

It is peculiarly difficult for a critic to discuss books with a religious point of view. Any criticism of a writer with sincere religious convictions tends to be interpreted as a criticism of the convictions themselves, especially when these convictions are mingled with the kind of easy idealism about outlawing the atomic bomb which is fashionable nowadays. I do not doubt the genuineness of Mr. Miller's convictions—nor, for that matter, do I doubt that it would be a fine thing to outlaw the atomic bomb—but I do believe that a novel, no matter how sympathetic its basic message, must be judged as a novel. "A Canticle for Leibowitz" will not stand up under such a judgment. Its characters are sketchy and uninteresting. Its dramatic action has been invented without ingenuity or imagination. Its pace is plodding. Its humor is simple-minded; one joke, based on the incongruity between Leibowitz's prosaic relics (his pipe or his laundry list) and the reverence with which they are regarded by his disciples, is labored over and over.

Like so many writers whose ideas are banal and whose sense of character and drama is feeble, Mr. Miller falls back on "style" to conceal his defects. His novel abounds in complicated verbal jokes, parodies, virtuoso descriptive passages, exercises in surrealism, stream-of-consciousness, and prose poetry. Nobody can deny Mr. Miller's fluency and cleverness, but these very virtues call attention to the emptiness which they are trying to hide.

CITY SLICKERS: For those who think the slick magazines are only kidding, Geraldine Trotta, an associate editor of *Harper's Bazaar,* offers in **"Dune House"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75) an inside view of a self-enchanted world of posturing fashion photographers, editors, models, designers, journalists, and Madison Avenue peers in their summer setting of the Long Island Hamptons.

What Miss Trotta seems to be saying is, we may have our exotic faults, but aren't we successful, handsome, talented, debonair, terribly sophisticated, and ever so chic. Unfortunately, her characters do not succeed in transmitting the author's illusions.

With values about as substantial as those signified in a typical batch of *New Yorker* ads, Miss Trotta would have it that her protagonists "couldn't be called *nouveaux riches.* . . . Besides, they knew how to manage money as if they'd had it all their lives. . . ." But, rather, her people seem to substantiate the idea that the uniform "tastefulness" of the slick magazines has made it hard to go wrong today—or very right, either. One is merely surprised to learn that these perpetrators of the fashionable are their own best customers.

In "Dune House" the keynote is possessions, the "right" possessions. But when a Minoan figure is described as being "from Crete" (did Miss Trotta expect it to come from Parke-Bernet?), and her heroine rapturously greets the car-borne arrival of a new escort with, "Fabulous. I know it's a classic. What in the world is it?," it seems that possession is somewhat less than nine-tenths of knowledgeableness.

Throughout the novel there are flashes of awareness that all is not entirely eminent in fashionland, but such moments of objectivity do not survive Miss Trotta's possessiveness about it. The trouble with "Dune House" may be the author's ambivalence. Perhaps someone more removed from the scene could write amusingly about this shallow, albeit harmless, stratum. But why bother? —Lois Wagner Green.

Criminal Record

LOOK BEHIND YOU. *By Jay Barbette. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Letter from Mexico indicating wife's infidelity jars investment banker in U.S. city; local editor and police chief helpful. Emotive.

THIS SWEET SICKNESS. *By Patricia Highsmith. Harper.* $3.50. Hudson Valley chemist leads double double life; love leads to violence, and cops take over in Manhattan finish. Psychological thriller has shattering dénouement.

THE TRACES OF BRILLHART. *By Herbert Brean. Harper.* $3.50. Broadway musical biggie's reported murder interests Bill Deacon, magazine fact-man—and interests him still more when he hears "victim" is still alive—or isn't he? Firm pro job. —Sergeant Cuff.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON
Production Manager PEARL M. STEINHAUS
Science Editor JOHN LEAR
Book Review Editor ROCHELLE GIRSON
Poetry Editor JOHN CIARDI
Ass't. Book Review Editor ROLLENE W. SAAL
General Editor HALLOWELL BOWSER
Feature Editor JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
GILBERT SELDES
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

The Permanent Summit

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by the former President of the United Nations General Assembly and the present Ambassador from the Philippine Government to the United States.*

THE WORLD has recently witnessed an abortive summit meeting between the chiefs of government of the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and France. I am sure that all four men had the best interests of their countries at heart, as they saw them. But there is an even larger concern: the best interests of the human commonwealth.

How can this larger concern best be advanced? Late as the hour is, I suggest that we get back to fundamentals. In particular, I would suggest that we make a "summit" of the United Nations.

I believe that when major international problems arise, we should think about invoking the United Nations—the organization whose purposes and principles are the best we have, the organization whose purposes and principles have been agreed upon as world goals for mankind by eighty-two nations in all, by all sorts of ideologies, by all colors of men, by all capacities of development.

As a first step toward invoking and utilizing the United Nations, the Secretary-General of the U.N. should be invited to attend all major international parleys. Indeed, I don't see how the Secretary-General can be absent from any conclave designed to safeguard world peace. Detached as the Secretary is from narrow, national interests, he would be a positive presence, a mediating, helpful proponent of ideas and discussion.

The Secretary's presence at international meetings would require no important changes in international protocol. In fact, it is the responsibility of the Secretary, under Article 99 of the U.N. Charter, to bring to the attention of the Security Council—and by extension to the General Assembly of all member nations—"any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security." It is the Secretary's responsibility also, under Article 97, to be "the chief administrative officer of the organization," which means that he is charged with responsibility for carrying out the constructive, building tasks of the United Nations, as well as its admonitory roles.

Actually, the Secretary's participation in international conclaves is only one of many ways in which the United Nations can adjudicate the differences among nations. For the United Nations is the cause that brings together all the world's best causes: peace, but good peace; brotherhood, but good brotherhood, not that of Cain and Abel; respect for all, but cooperative respect, not the respect of intimidation. What other means for solving the world's problems is so nobly motivated as the means of the United Nations, planned by the founders at San Francisco in the spirit of the full, fresh resolves attendant on our victory in World War II?

Let us take the problem of overflights, of intrusions into sovereign air space. Just before the summit meeting we were of course shocked when we heard that an unarmed plane, flown by one man, had been shot down by the Soviet Union. The Soviet called the incident a warning to aggressors. The episode reminded me forcibly of a situation that haunts my imagination. Suppose I were the President of the United States or the Premier of the Soviet Union. Suppose I received a report that a rocket was whizzing toward my country at an altitude so high that it was visible only to radar.

Suppose the report said this rocket had a hydrogen warhead. And suppose the report was that the rocket was to be dropped on Washington or Moscow, as a Pearl Harbor blow to wipe out the nerve center of the nation as part of a colossal scheme for international blackmail and conquest. And suppose I had five minutes to decide what to do, in this era of supersonic speed and Armageddon destruction. And suppose I knew reports could be mistaken, and radar misinterpreted?

I would, at the very least, be worried, terrified, stunned.

And five minutes later, I might not be there—neither I nor my capital.

NOW I do not justify in the slightest way any specific incident in which one country shoots down a foreign plane. For it seems to me that when a country has lethal antiaircraft rockets, it need not start dealing out death the moment a strange plane is sighted—above all when the other plane has made no hostile move and in fact has no gun with which it can make a hostile move.

Indeed, if a hostile plane were carrying an atomic bomb, downing such a plane might spread radiation all over the immediate countryside, even if there were not an actual explosion.

Now there are high-flying planes that are used neither as commercial air carriers nor for military aggression. We have planes monitoring the weather, collecting information on the world's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

winds and air and storms, on the cosmic rays that come from space. We have planes that are monitoring radioactivity from past or potential nuclear explosions. These are justifiable purposes, purposes in the service of man.

We also have a United Nations. Why can we not internationalize these planes and their research? Why cannot weather planes, for example, be brought within the auspices of the World Meteorological Organization of the United Nations? Why cannot planes monitoring for radioactivity be brought within the sponsorship of the International Atomic Energy Agency of the United Nations?

Why can't space rockets be brought under the United Nations so that United Nations observers would be on hand at the very few rocket-launching pads there are in this world—which presumably are also those for launching intercontinental missiles? For if a rocket is being launched only for space research, it is a rocket in the service of science and mankind.

IF a missile is poised at any base for either deterrence or retaliation, it is just not being launched unless a war is going to be set off. So a missile base as such would be outside this United Nations surveillance until we have a real arms control system.

Therefore, if there were to be a space rocket launching, the United Nations could be informed without impairing military preparedness. Then let the United Nations be present. Let the United Nations observe what safety precautions are taken to insure that such a rocket at least starts off in the intended direction for peaceful purposes.

For I can think of another nightmare. No mechanical device is perfect. Someday, a space rocket is going to veer off course. It may head, accidentally, for Washington, or Moscow, or Manila, and this may be wholly unintentional. There have been misfirings; we have been fortunate thus far that misfirings have not yet led to national or international catastrophe.

At least United Nations foreknowledge, United Nations observation, could certify the original peaceful intent, and minimize the threat of retaliation—intentional, perhaps automatic, wholesale, massive, fantastic, destructive retaliation.

This is a world which has far too many opportunities for tensions, for trouble, and for war. We should be constantly searching for ways and means of narrowing down the causes for war, the excuses for war, the opportunities and the tensions for war. I do not say that there could never be a just war at some time, but I do say that this world would be far better off if it solved its problems without war, war that these days could only evoke the threat of devastation for this whole planet.

As one who knows the United Nations well, both as observer and participant, I consider the organization the only effective instrument of peace at the world's disposal, a "third force" capable of resolving the grave conflicts commonly thought to lie outside the reach of reason and the spirit of reconciliation. I believe earnestly that history will judge our generation largely on its ability to use the U.N. effectively; I hope earnestly that history will not have to judge us *in absentia.*

—CARLOS P. ROMULO.

Exile of the Nightingale

By C. A. Millspaugh

THROUGH unofficial though reliable channels
I have received intelligence that may alter
the world balance of esthetic power.

The loyal nightingale—his contempt for Britain's
parsimony plain in the flirt of his tail—
has flown that genteel demi-Eden
for the fleshpots of California.

According to a vagrant magpie, the nightingale
did not trouble to conceal his distaste
for the "macaronic sterilities of current scalds"
who for thirty years conspired to silence him.

He told the magpie, an employee of angry playwrights,
that the clinical ambiguities of schoolmasters
were more than he could any longer bear.

Before he left he awed a wren.

He told her that though he had been type-cast
for five centuries, he'd never missed a cue,
but had got only crumbs for his punctuality;
that Chaucer and Shakespeare alone were worth
the salt of fame and their tenure in eternity.

Only they had had the wit and sense to write
for him the roles and sides that did
appropriate justice to his acknowledged genius.

His day would come again, the palpitant wren
reported him as promising, for when he took
his place in Hollywood as a prominent member
of the British colony, his talent would command
princely rewards and wide notice in the press.

She would see his name in lights, hear broadcasts
of his impassioned arias, cadenzas, and ad libs,
and read in the news of his several loves.

A raven leaning against a nearby tree
was willing to be quoted out of context:
"In the canon of English Literature
the nightingale's resonance is the major mode.

"None among us, not even the lark, can praise
with such authoritative atonality as his
the droll episodes of Anglo-Saxon passion.

"He left with never a look back over his wing
and headed in anger for the Irish Sea.

"There will always be an England,
but without him it will never be the same."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHY JOHNNY KANT SPEL

Is thhe worrd "letter-writter" misspelled in the Tradde Winnds collumn in thhe *May 7 issue or does Johhn Fuller havve a* typwritter likke minne?

B. E. Tabarlet.

Ruston, La.

Editor's note: *Yyes to bothh quuestions.*

MUST READING

I read Margaret L. Coit's article, "Log Cabin to Country Club" [*SR*, May 7], the morning after the West Virginia primary with much enthusiasm. It is a wonderful condensation of the numerous biographies of the candidates and should be a must for all voters.

Ethel G. Bates.

Fall River, Mass.

AUTHOR'S REPLY

Otis Fellows, in his letter about my essay "The Poem Itself" [*SR*, May 7], is right in his complaint but wrong in his elaborate speculations. The facts are, alas, very much simpler: in order to keep the Mallarmé text and discussion within a single printed page, I had to delete a number of sentences, including sixty-nine words on the meaning of "*Palmes.*" Mr. Fellows can find them on page 45 of the book "The Poem Itself"; and if he will read the second paragraph on page xi and qualification No. 1 on page xiv, he will understand why I did not discuss the complexities of L'Affaire "ptyx"—the original Greek meaning of "fold," the Mallarmé letter of May 3, 1868, to Lefébure, etc., etc., etc.

But the rest of his remarks are all to the good. If I may quote from my introduction, the "aim is to help the reader *into* the poem itself"; once he is there, "he can plunge as deep as he wishes."

Stanley Burnshaw.

New York, N. Y.

LARGER THAN LIFE?

Harvey Swados, in his review of John Aldridge's "The Party at Cranton" [*SR*, April 30], is a novelist who attacks a novelist for writing a book in which novelists attack novelists. He lets us know that such behavior is wicked, unloving and "profoundly depressing." I am glad, under the circumstances, that I am not a novelist.

He also says that Mr. Aldridge is taken in "by a *Life* magazine view of American life." To prove it he quotes a sentence or two in which Mr. Aldridge was parodying such a view. To miss parody is merely obtuse. To suggest that such a view is the essense of the book is worse. The book—whatever its other virtues or its defects—is brilliant, subtle, complex, and extremely unlike "a *Life* magazine view of American life."

The book is also uproariously funny. But I am glad to concede, on contrasting the humor of the review with the humor of the book, that your reviewer honestly missed that.

Paul Ramsey, Jr.

Elmira, N. Y.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith.

"Even if you don't want to be king, General Washington—by accepting you'd make things a lot more secure for all the rest of us."

NOT GUILTY

N.C.'s editorial "Stroll on the American Campus" [*SR*, April 30] left me with ambivalent feelings.

I agree with his general thesis that there are all too few "people who care." The great mass of students, like the great mass of their professors, parents, and future employers, do not appear to concern themselves with questions of human purpose, ultimate destiny, or the meaning of life. Rather, the primary area of focus has devolved to a particular, encapsulated, limited point known as a field, discipline, career, or hobby. Few, indeed, view the world with Churchillian sweep, Darwinian curiosity, or Freudian insight.

Yet, the editorial's implication seems to be that this lack of a "desire to know, to understand, to think above the basic data" is solely a function of the students.

Let's lay the blame at the feet of those to whom it belongs, namely, N.C.'s generation. It is his generation, and every generation older than the present student population, that must accept the blame for the world (and the ideas in it) as it is today.

Why did the collective brains and talents of his generation not foresee this trend on the campus? Who, if not they, caused this trend? After all, the best universities are still only functions of the society that sponsors them. . . .

The generation that created the materialistic, godless, atom-bombing, snarling, payola-paying, cynical, cheating, sneering world of today cannot ever point an accusing finger at the students of today.

Rather, that generation should thank its stars that there are any students at all. It is even more amazing that there are still a few students who really do care; the previous generation apparently didn't.

James E. Gardner,
Graduate Student,
University of California.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SR IN SOUTH AFRICA

Thanks for the true picture "Blind Alley in Africa," by Arthur Keppel-Jones [*SR*, May 14]. I wonder how many copies of that issue go to South Africa.

Paul Crear.

Severance, N. Y.

Editor's note: *Thirty-four.*

Arthur Keppel-Jones's piece on South Africa's problems is one of the most lucid expositions of the current crisis that I've read anywhere. *SR* and the author deserve applause for a first-rate article.

Richard W. Boeth.

New York, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

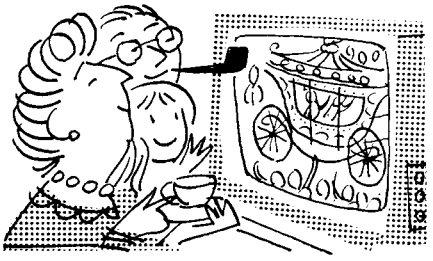
TV AND RADIO

Bridey and the Queen

LONDON.

AMERICAN viewers who watched transatlantic versions of the British television coverage of the recent royal wedding probably saw only truncated pieces of a much larger whole. In many cases these may have been without the original British soundtrack. The following report should be of interest, therefore, because the writer watched the entire ceremony from the vantage point of a British friend's television set in a London flat. My impressions are mostly a commentary on the commentary provided by the announcers of the BBC and the rival independent commercial network companies.

The technical virtuosity of the wedding coverage needs no extended comment. As American viewers may have



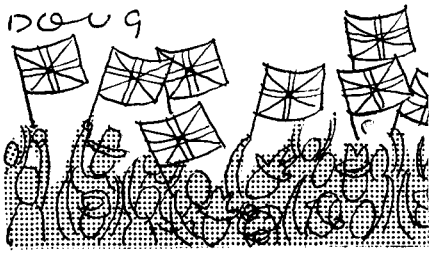
gathered from their own observations, and has been generally agreed by British television critics here, the commercial ITV people and the BBC (particularly the latter) did a superb job. I followed the BBC for four hours; the pace of the program never slackened, and my interest (except for a brief anticlimax in the Abbey after the marriage vows) never faltered. The show ran on time from beginning to end; the stage management, with the cooperation of the Lord Chamberlain, was perfect. The inter-cutting had a definite tempo, and many of the BBC's long, long shots from very high camera locations were fresh and exciting. I hope the lady with the last-minute vacuum cleaner freshening up the carpet under the feet of the titled guests in the Abbey survived the international editing, as well as the wonderful shot of the official lining up the royal family for the entrance procession. These were silent but eloquently humorous peeps by the producers and cameramen through the stained-glass curtain of royal pageantry.

The commentary, on the other hand, was an honorable failure, and I shall explain the "honorable" in a moment. Its failure lay in the complete, almost embarrassing absence of a sense of detachment from the proceedings exhibited by the announcers. I have always admired the British for their unique instinct for understatement and good taste; indeed, it has been the international hallmark of their informational and news programs in broadcasting. As a cardinal principle of the art of "outside broadcasting" I maintain the necessity of the observer to remain an outsider and not to be captured by the event he is charged with transmitting and interpreting to his audience. If he is captured, he becomes an actor in the event, and obviously requires another interpreter to interpret his role in the business at hand. Mr. Richard Dimbleby, the BBC's champion verbal annotator and a veteran of many royal occasions, was not only captured but chained mind, heart, and tongue by the sunshine and roses, the glitter and the glory, the dignity, and the splendor and the joy ("Oh, how we wish them joy!") of the wedding of the princess and the commoner. He twinkled with the blue and the crimson of the Abbey decorations; he sparkled with the radiancy of the bride's smile; he reveled in the rainbow of loyalty and affection.

Indeed, the British press and all the broadcasters were as one in the same lyrical effusion. As a consequence of the special role played by the monarchy in British society it was understandable; as a piece of broadcasting art it was regrettable. To this alien ear it spoiled what would otherwise have been an unalloyed masterpiece of television. The failure was honorable for several reasons. The use of the word "commentary" is inaccurate for a royal occasion. One does not "comment" on a royal event: one joins in. The monarchy is "above the battle"; the convention is polite but iron-firm. Add to this the very genuine sentiments felt for the throne by most of the British people, including the intellectuals, plus the overwhelming effect the pageantry must have on an announcer in the very midst of it at the time of broadcast—and you can see how very difficult it would be to resist the contagion of the spirit and remain cool and detached.

Nevertheless, this is what a broadcaster must do, if he is to be faithful to his art. The truth of the matter is that the British people do not generally accept their royal occasions at complete face value without some compensating undertow of reality and humanity to balance the fragile make-believe. The proof of this I gathered generously from conversations overheard in restaurants and in buses in the days preceding the wedding, but chiefly from Bridey O'Flaherty, as we sat in my friend's London flat and followed the event on television. Bridey is my friend's housekeeper, and don't let the Irish name mislead you. For Bridey is a lover of the Queen, if ever there was one. Yet Bridey, in saucy living-room commentary, provided what was missing in the narratives of Mr. Dimbleby and his colleagues. She imparted the secret of why the Princess's tiara rested so securely on the top of Margaret's head. "That's false hair she's wearing; it's the only way it will stay up." She revealed that one of the bridemaids had received a special religious dispensation to attend the wedding. She knew that it was the Princess who had asked that no close-ups be taken of the faces of the couple during the ceremony. And she roared with hearty laughter in the very middle of the marriage service, when the Archbishop asked Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones to repeat after him: "And with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

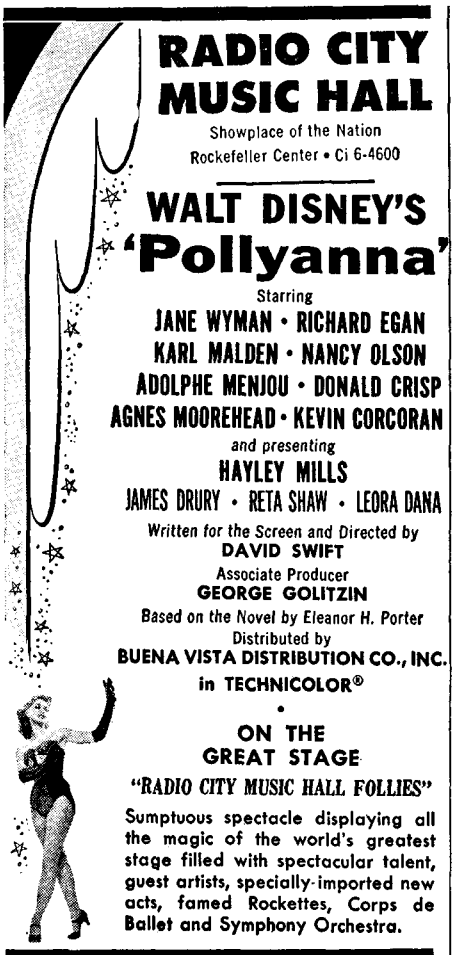
IN a word, Bridey played Chaucer at the wedding of Princess Margaret. From the three wives of the bridegroom's father to the financial status of the couple, no Fleet Street morsel of courtyard gossip escaped the O'Flaherty notice. Could the Dimblebys and the O'Flahertys ever



work together as a team in future royal weddings? Of course not. In the royal spectacle the magic and the reality can never meet—in public, that is. But privately the twain are always meeting. Kipling was a romantic, too: for who can say where East begins and West leaves off? But certainly the Dimblebys ought to seek a middle ground. If they cannot utterly come down to earth, they ought also to avoid distorted empyreans. One British communicator managed it pretty well in dealing with royalty. I think his name is enshrined in the Abbey. Shakespeare. Jolly good show.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • Ci 6-4600

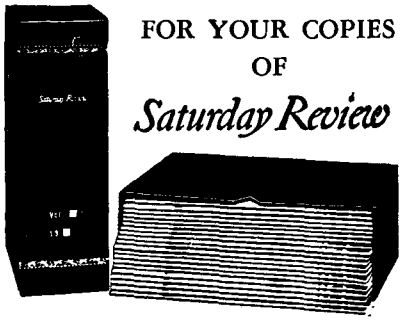
WALT DISNEY'S 'Pollyanna'

Starring
JANE WYMAN • RICHARD EGAN
KARL MALDEN • NANCY OLSON
ADOLPHE MENJOU • DONALD CRISP
AGNES MOOREHEAD • KEVIN CORCORAN
and presenting
HAYLEY MILLS
JAMES DRURY • RETA SHAW • LEORA DANA
Written for the Screen and Directed by
DAVID SWIFT
Associate Producer
GEORGE GOLITZIN
Based on the Novel by Eleanor H. Porter
Distributed by
BUENA VISTA DISTRIBUTION CO., INC.
in TECHNICOLOR®

•

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL FOLLIES"
Sumptuous spectacle displaying all the magic of the world's greatest stage filled with spectacular talent, guest artists, specially-imported new acts, famed Rockettes, Corps de Ballet and Symphony Orchestra.

HANDY FILE



FOR YOUR COPIES OF
Saturday Review

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for S.R.
- Holds 26 copies

$2.50 each, postpaid
(3 for $7.00, or 6 for $13.00)

Money back if not completely satisfied

ORDER DIRECT FROM:

JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR • BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

Speaking of Directors

THE coincidence of a new film by Elia Kazan, "**Wild River,**" and a new one (here, at least) by Ingmar Bergman, "**Dreams,**" provides an opportunity to pursue a matter that is, it seems to me, becoming increasingly crucial to the development of motion pictures as an art form. Briefly, it is the question of film authorship. The movies are often, and correctly, spoken of as a director's medium, meaning that it is the director who shapes the performances, determines the point of view, and selects what to show the audience and what to exclude from any shot. The French *metteur en scène* describes his work with complete accuracy: he is literally the "putter in the picture."

But Bergman, and a few others around the world, are reminding us that true creation in films goes beyond this. These men approach the screen in the same spirit that a painter approaches his canvas, as an area to be filled with a personal, meaningful, artistic statement. Conception begins for them not at the point where they are handed a completed script (based, often as not, on a hit play or best-selling novel that was bought by a producer and turned into a screenplay by at least two other people); it begins, rather, with the idea itself—an idea that then is fleshed out with characters, settings, action, and dialogues that have been related to the exigencies of camera and microphone from the very outset. They are not interpreters but creators—and their films, like novels or paintings, reveal all the excitement and immediacy of the original impulse.

Tempting as it may be, however, to draw hard and fast lines, Mr. Kazan's film tells us that there is still another relationship that a director can have to his material. Because of the prestige that he brings with him from the theatre, and because of the financial success that so many of his films have enjoyed, Kazan is in the enviable position of being able to pick and choose among properties until he finds one that is to his liking. He can select a congenial cast and crew, a writer of substance. And even though "Wild River" was produced for 20th Century-Fox, he was permitted to move it off the lot for both exterior and interior scenes. The result is craftmanship of a high order—not as personal and committed as "On the Waterfront" or "Baby Doll" perhaps, but a far cry from the vapid slickness of run-of-the-mill productions.

Opening with actual newsreels of floods in the Mississippi Valley back in the early Thirties, "Wild River" quickly establishes the case for TVA, then moves swiftly to the heart of the matter. A young administrator (Montgomery Clift) has been dispatched to a small Southern town to supervise the clearing of bottom land that will be submerged once the nearby dam is completed. His problems include not only getting the local whites to work with Negroes, but also persuading an ancient matriarch (Jo Van Fleet) to leave her island home. And as if that were not trouble enough, he also sets up light housekeeping with the old woman's granddaughter (Lee Remick).

All of this provides the kinds of situations that Kazan works with best—the latent violence of small-town bigots, the overt violence of a wild near-lynching, seamy love scenes of incredible intimacy, and withal a fundamental respect for human dignity and human decency. From his players, whether they be bit actors or top stars, he obtains shaded performances of remarkable verisimilitude. (The completeness with which Miss Van Fleet and Miss Remick submerge themselves in their graceless roles is truly a triumph for the "method" school.) There are times when the pace grows slack, and the climatic flooding of the valley is almost no climax at all. But there is more than enough in "Wild River" to retain for Elia Kazan his place in the front rank of American directors.

On the other hand, what happens when a director is *completely* involved in the creation of his picture is readily apparent in Ingmar Bergman's "Dreams." Produced in 1955, it is another in his series of seemingly "light" films that throw unexpected shadows as they unfold. In this instance, the protagonists are two women, a fashion photographer (Eva Dahlbeck) and her model (Harriet Andersson). They travel on business to a nearby city, and there each in turn has an amorous escapade, the model with an aging consul, her employer with a married man. Both affairs are terminated by the untimely interjection of truth, and the two return home to their studio, to continue the fabrication of illusion.

Although hardly on a level with his works of more recent vintage, "Dreams" reveals Bergman in full technical control of each element—actors, camera, lighting, sound. The photographer's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neurasthenia is conveyed by exaggerating the sounds she hears in her studio. Flashing lights and criss-crossing rails suggest her emotions as she rushes by train to her lover. Mirrors, the reflectors of reality, abound in the love passages. And there are long dialogue sequences daringly played from a single camera position, the movement of the performers subtly shifting the emphasis of the scene from moment to moment. Because Bergman knows precisely what each shot must convey in the overall pattern of his picture, there is nothing wasted, no pauses for pretty scenery or repetitive action. He doesn't need them. It is *his* story; and obviously what animates him is his theme, not the effects he can introduce to put it across.

The same may be said of a new, independently produced American film, "The Savage Eye," even though no one is actually credited with its direction. Collaboratively made by Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers, and Joseph Strick, it condenses into little more than an hour the year-long hell of a young divorcee (admirably played by Barbara Baxley). She moves resentfully, bitterly, through the bars and bingo parlors of Los Angeles, squandering the days and nights in an aimless existence. Afraid to love again, she takes on a married man, drops him for faith-healing, and ultimately attempts suicide. Hatred of the world, hatred of people screams out from her every pore. And that same hatred screams out from every frame of this agnoizing film. For the savage eye that Judith turns on the world is in fact a pitiless eye—pitiless even when she is looking at herself. It is an eye that catches the mean, the cheap, the tawdry—the lines of bitterness on a female face etched by a lifetime of discontent, the naked savagery of the crowds at a wrestling match or roller derby, the moist, lascivious mouth of a man watching a strip-tease, the fuzzy, faraway eyes of a drunk or junkie. . . .

These are what the loveless Judith sees; but they have all been selected for her to see by the film makers. It is their world too—so much so that they are unable to make her final affirmation of life convincing. What makes "The Savage Eye" so profoundly disturbing—and at the same time so impressive—is the fact that the cameras have flushed out one image after another of the freaks and dregs of our society. They are there, far too real for us to deny that they exist. But one yearns for a spark of love, a bit of warmth, that would permit Judith —and us—to turn momentarily away from such unremitted naked horror.

—Arthur Knight.

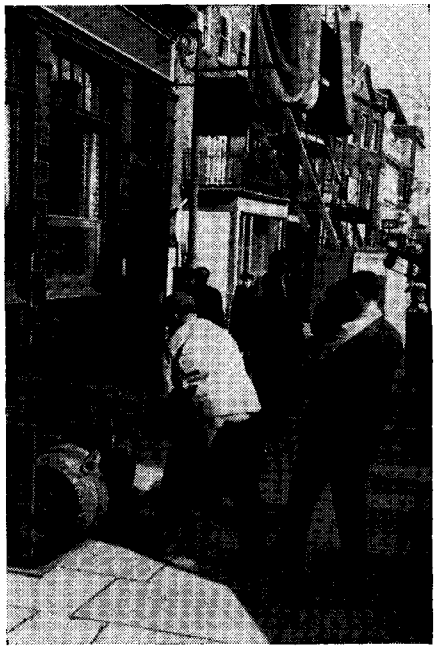
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

From the Kremlin to Keats

IT WAS a long day, but they don't come any fuller. It began with breakfast in a Moscow hotel and ended with a butler-served dinner in a capitalist's dining room thousands of miles away. In between, in the order of their occurrence, there was the usual ride in the usual black Soviet sedan past the acres of new apartment buildings with their tiny windows and their broad expanses of pale brick. There was the usual scramble at Vnukovo Airport, which lies beyond the brick and beyond the birch trees and the log cabins, in the far Moscow suburbs. There was the last-minute exchange of rubles into dollars, the last-minute exchange of remaining rubles for jars of caviar, and then the pile-up outside the plane while a uniformed guard meticulously examined each passport and searched each face for a possible resemblance to the passport photo. Then finally there was the takeoff, and the long grind back to the West began.

Once a week Sabena, the Belgian airline, sends a Boeing jet from New York to Brussels and Moscow, and once a week the jet flies out. Once a week the Belgians fly in and out again with a DC-7 that stops in Warsaw to refuel. Sabena does not have the privilege of depositing in Warsaw those passengers who were picked up in Moscow, a right reserved to Lot and Aeroflot, the airlines of Poland and the USSR. However, transient passengers are permitted inside the tiny frame waiting room equipped with a bar and a souvenir stand. Travelers on our plane who had been in Russia for a week hit the souvenir stand like seven-year locusts discovering a berry patch after a six-year famine. Bright-colored collages, artful needle work, decorated handbags, table runners in brilliant hues, even hatchets embossed with fancy metalwork were swept up. It was hard to tell whether the blitz on the souvenir shop was a tribute to Polish artistry, which has certainly survived socialism, or a reaction to a week in the drab and artless confines of the Soviet Union.

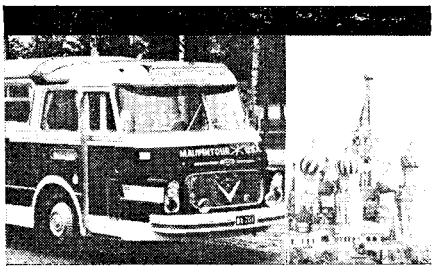
THE DC-7 landed at last in Brussels. How quickly we become spoiled. The plane was, after all, the fastest thing in the air before the jets. We changed aircraft, headed west again, and late in the afternoon came up over the fields of England. They seemed incredibly green. Were they greener than usual, or did they seem so after the mud of Russia and the endless grassless brown plain that stretched clear to Poland? There was time for a shower in the room at the Westbury, and a chance to get a suit pressed in half an hour, and



—*H. S.*

Hampstead Heath—memories of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Wimpy hamburgers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



See for yourself! Tour the

Soviet Union

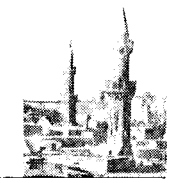
in Maupintour motorcoaches.

Join a congenial group of fellow Americans on an interesting 17 day trip through the countryside and cities of Russia. Weekly departures through October. And the cost? Only $495, all inclusive, from Helsinki or Warsaw.

Visit the historic

Middle East

with Maupintour.



American conducted tours visiting Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Israel, Greece, and Italy. Greek Isle Cruise, Oberammergau Passion Play and Russian Extensions. Frequent departures, 26 days, $1557 from New York.

Ask your Travel Agent for details or write H. Neil Mecaskey, Jr., Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York

Maupintour

AIR TRAVELERS TO FOREIGN DESTINATIONS
SAVE to 40% **TAX-FREE CIGARETTES, CIGARS**
Delivered to plane seat on flights from Idlewild. NOT weighed as baggage. Room 2119, Arrivals Building, or at our Booth in Terminal Building. For details, Write, Call or Visit.
WORLD TOBACCO CO., INC.
New York International Airport
Jamaica 30, N. Y. • OL 6-5273

Leaving Home This Summer?

If you are planning a summer address change, be sure to notify SATURDAY REVIEW at least four weeks in advance. Include the zone number of your new address, if there is one.

IMPORTANT—For speedier processing, please send us, too, your current SATURDAY REVIEW address label.

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

then suddenly we were having dinner in a town house with Van Goghs and Motherwells looking down from the walls and a butler splashing hock into the long-stemmed glasses and our English host listening to the account of the day, while he muttered, "Staggering, staggering," over and over.

I mended deep in the down of the Westbury's bedding that night while a bootman brushed the dust of Moscow and Warsaw and Brussels from the shoes left outside the door. I mended further the next morning with eggs and kippers and a walk around the corner to the florist's shop. Then lobster bisque and lunch at Overton's, and dinner at Simpson's in the Strand, where I bought British right down the line—Scotch salmon with a black snowfall of ground pepper, roast beef from the silver cart, and Stilton cheese wrapped in a napkin and spooned in great mildewed chunks onto British biscuits. Is English food getting better or was it the week of borscht and black bread?

One afternoon I took the boat up the Thames and got off at Kew Gardens, where all the blessings of the English spring are gathered in one botanical enclave. No dogs, no ball games, no radios or musical instruments are allowed beyond the massive gates of the Royal Gardens, once a royal estate. But within them jonquils were a spread of country butter at the foot of the pines, the tulips grew in blood-red splashes, and the magnolia trees flamed with ten thousand pink and white candles. One could amble in awe through the Orangery filled with classic statues and orange blossoms, and come away heady with the combination. There are palm houses and fern corners, birds of paradise and calla lilies and morning glories growing in a hue called Heavenly Blue. Kew even serves up a lily pond with plants of Guiana and Brazil under glass.

AT the foot of the Palm House Terrace is a menagerie of statues, which is known, in one of those exquisite examples of British royal terminology, as the Queen's Beasts. Stone replicas of "ten royal creatures," as they are further officially described, that stood in front of the Abbey Annexe during the present Queen Elizabeth's coronation, they have been given anonymously to Kew. Queen's Beasts, not being like anyone else's, include such fanciful animals as the White Greyhound of Richmond, the Yale of Beaufort, the Black Bull of Clarence, and the White Lion of Mortimer, to mention merely a few. New Haven types will be interested to note that the Yale is a mythical white beast with gold spots, and is able to swivel one horn independently of the other.

Anyone can shuffle through the Dutch House, also known as Kew Palace, where King George III came to live during his frequent lapses into madness. The Dukes of Clarence and of Kent were married here in July of 1818, although, I suspect, hardly in the splendor which was drummed up for a recent royal marriage; and Queen Charlotte died in a room on the first floor that was thereafter closed to the public until the last year of the century. From the outside, the house is as Dutch as a Gouda with big white square friendly windows and cut-out façades to lure the eye from the pure functionality of the roof. Inside, there are personal relics of George III and Charlotte—silhouettes of their busts, a paper cut-out that celebrated the victory at Trafalgar, silk and bead portraits of King William IV and the Duke of York.

THE chair Queen Charlotte is said to have been sitting in when she died is on view, alongside the child's high-chair—royalty covered them with red velour—used by the children of George III, beginning with the Prince of Wales, ultimately George IV. Preserved in a case is a silver filigree rattle given to the infant Prince of Wales by his governess, Lady Charlotte Finch. Not being above hand-me-downs, the royal family passed it along and it was rattled later by Victoria's children. The estate was passed along too, right into the present age, for the late Queen Mary spent her childhood at Cambridge Cottage on the grounds, now also known, rather unromantically I couldn't help thinking, as Museum III. Cambridge Cottage was the residence of Queen Mary's grandfather, the Duke of Cambridge, who, if I have all this right, was the seventh son of George III. Anyway, there is a Queen Mary room at Dutch House where some of her mementos have been gathered, including sketches of Cambridge House with her personal notations and labels.

Houses are not the least of the pleasures of Britain, and nowhere else in the world are they retained with such a beady eye on history. I drove with a British friend one afternoon to Hampstead Heath, a sort of village principality a few minutes from the heart of London, which for centuries has been a refuge of artists, writers, and celebrated figures. The house in which John Keats lived for a few years before fleeing to Italy and to his death fairly exudes bittersweet memory and romance. Keats first saw Hampstead in 1816 when a friend introduced him to Leigh Hunt, a celebrated critic and journalist of the day. Hunt lived in a cottage in the Vale of Health, so called because Londoners fled here during the plague of 1665 in the mistaken idea they could escape the rampaging contagion. Impressed

PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

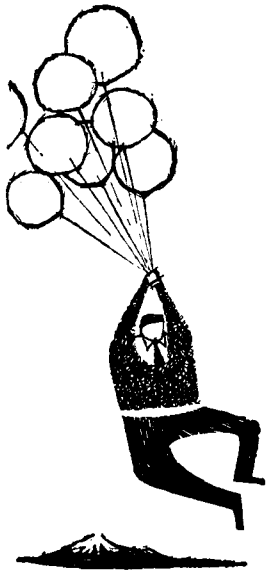
with Keats, Hunt published Keats's sonnet "To Solitude." Taken with the Heath, and with the literary life for which he would give up his surgical training, Keats came often to visit Hunt, where he met Shelley and Wordsworth. By the following year he was established in quarters there himself, and ultimately came to live in the home now known as Keats House. In this graceful house of delicate elegance, Keats passed his most productive years. He also fell in love with another resident, eighteen-year-old Fanny Brawne. Here he wrote all his great odes, save "To Autumn." The chairs in his sitting room are still placed the way he liked to have them, so he could sit in one and drape his left arm across the back of the other. Said the poet of himself, "And there I would sit and read all day like a picture of somebody reading." There is a painting by Joseph Severn, his friend who ultimately took him to Rome, of Keats listening to the nightingales on Hampstead Heath. He wrote the ode to that romantic bird under a plum tree which ultimately rotted and died. A new one has since been planted to replace it.

HAVING been apprenticed to a surgeon and completed his medical studies, Keats kept his medical books in his library, where they remain to this day. But alongside them is his copy of Shakespeare, heavily marked. He carried the book and a portrait of Shakespeare everywhere he went. The relics of the romance with Fanny Brawne are sweet and sad—a lock of Fanny's hair, a gold brooch shaped like a Greek lyre, the strings made from Keats's hair. And the engagement ring he gave her and the agonized letters he wrote her en route to Rome, whither he fled to recover from tuberculosis. "No, my sweet Fanny," he wrote, "I am wrong. I do not want you to be unhappy, and yet I do, I must while there is so sweet a beauty. My loveliest, my darling, Goodbye! I kiss you. O the torments." The letters she sent to him were buried with him, unopened, when he was laid to rest at the age of twenty-five in the Protestant cemetery in Rome. Fanny remained single for twelve years after Keats died, but she wore his engagement ring for forty years. She herself died in 1865.

The Heath is perhaps not what it was in former days, embroidered as it is with a Tastee Freez parlor and a Wimpy hamburger stand. But the Keats house is a refuge of poetic romance, including the original of the poem Thomas Hardy wrote when the old house was dedicated. "O Poet, come you haunting here," it went, "Where streets have stolen up all around."—HORACE SUTTON.

SUMMER in SICILY

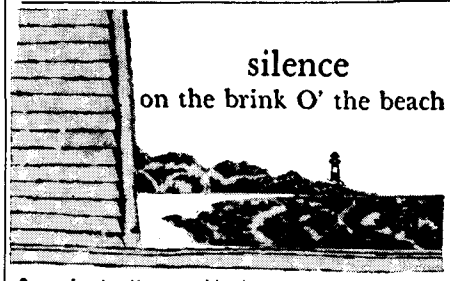
and in the minor islands, right in the heart of the Mediterranean sea —



Bathing Season: from May to October.

Hotels and Pensions of all classes, and camping areas spread over the whole Island.—Fast air and sea communications.—Conveyance of cars by sea from Naples to Palermo and from Naples to Messina.—Crossing of the Straits of Messina by fast ferry-boats and hydrofoils. Special railway fare reductions for tourists from abroad.—On the occasion of the International Fairs to be held in Palermo and Messina, reductions from May 25th to June 10th, and from the 10th to the 24th of August.

Information from:
ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (E.N.I.T.)
Polazzo d'Italia
626 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.
ASSESSORATO PER IL TURISMO, PALERMO,
and all Travel Agencies.



silence
on the brink O' the beach

Ocean-front cottages and hostelry
The perfect setting for a writer's Utopia with luxurious accommodations...
Color brochure and tariff schedule on request.
Modified American Plan—Decoration Day through Columbus Day—Remainder of year on the European Plan.

Gurney's Inn

Montauk Point, L. I. Box 25R Montauk Point 8-2345

C. P. Snow

"One of the century's finest novelists and most sensitive delineators of human character." — MAURICE DOLBIER, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

THE AFFAIR

$4.50 SCRIBNERS

YOUR PASSPORT TO AN UNFORGETTABLE VACATION

You'll enjoy yourself in French-Canada, where no passport is required other than these booklets to help plan your trip over splendid roads through unspoilt scenery. Old-time hospitality, delicious cuisine, modern comfortable accommodations.

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

PROVINCIAL TOURIST BUREAU
710 GRANDE ALLEE EAST, DEPT. 82-B
QUEBEC CITY, CANADA

Please send me Free road maps and illustrated booklets to plan my Québec vacation.

My main interest is.....
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

"Father Courage"

DALLAS, TEXAS.

TEXAS may no longer be the largest state, but when it comes to theatre experimentation it can certainly claim to be the most courageous. A bold symbol of this fact is the Dallas Theater Center, designed by the late Frank Lloyd Wright. Like New York's Guggenheim Museum, this uniquely shaped new building invites the curious, provokes admiration from those interested in architecture, and profoundly troubles those who want a building to serve rather than compete with the artistic product it houses.

The moment one enters this theatre one is impressed with the sunny beauty of the yellow and gold auditorium, the comfortable seats, and the circular stage pushing halfway out into the audience. But when the play begins, one gradually acquires the feeling that it may take a year or two of trial and error, and a heretical willingness to alter Mr. Wright's interior design, before this ambitious new theatre is brought to its maximum effectiveness. The light-colored auditorium, which makes it impossible to achieve a satisfactory degree of darkness, should be painted in shades that will reflect less light. The orchestra floor should be more steeply raked. The front of the circular stage needs to be given a new shape that will give actors a point of reference. And tunnels that will allow actors to enter and exit directly to and from the front of the stage should be installed.

But these are a perfectionist's objections, and the current production, "**Under Milk Wood,**" manages to come off surprisingly well in the theatre as it now stands. Part of the credit for this must go to director Burgess Meredith, who along with a couple of professional actors has come to work on this play with the student company. Mr. Meredith has staged the Dylan Thomas work with bold, imaginative touches of his own. He gets off to a fast rather than somber start by inserting a charming and hilarious overture in which a corps of school children sings, "Johnny Crack and Flossie Snail kept their baby in a milking pail," while some of them deliver, on cue, precise rhythmic accompaniment on triangles, cymbals, sleighbells and what looks like pairs of floor-sanders. Then he uses the best revolving stage I have ever seen to give a feeling of motion to the proceedings. And his decision to keep Captain Cat permanently visible on a center-stage perch gives the whole production a sense of unity by pulling together all the diffuse elements of the action.

The production is also helped immensely by Basil Langton, who brings genuine Welsh emotion to the role of the narrator. While his passion is one of love for Wales rather than the fierce anger at waste of life that Dylan Thomas seemed to have, his definiteness and deep feeling strengthen and vitalize the production. Of the rest of the cast, the most distinctive performance is Gerry Bywater's interlude as Gossamer Beynon, in which, wearing glasses, she allows her teen-age doppelganger to bubble over.

A HUNDRED miles south of here, at Baylor University in Waco, Paul Baker has again completed another in his series of successful theatre experiments. This time he has tried to bring a second great American novel to the stage, William Faulkner's "**As I Lay Dying.**" Robert Flynn has adapted it, and he and Mr. Baker have mounted the material with fewer devices but with greater beauty than in the previous triumphs at Baylor.

The work itself lacks those elements that satisfy the theatre's conventional specifications for drama. It never builds to much of a climax. It never takes a discernible strong attitude toward its story. And it never allows us to feel much identification with its backwoods Mississippi characters. Yet it quietly accomplishes the real objective, which is to bring Faulkner's work on stage.

The presentation is direct. The first act introduces us to this "Tobacco Road" family and the variety of ignorance, selfishness, and love that surrounds Addie Bundren as she dies. Then Acts II and III are devoted to the torturous and illogical journey the family takes to keep Anse's promise to bury his wife in the town of Jefferson. But Faulkner's story is far from simple. His characters behave as they do out of a variety of misunderstood motives. And the production preserves this complexity. A wagon drawn by two men in gray hats that cover half their faces reminds us of the one used by Brecht in "Mother Courage." And as in that play, its occupants suffer tragedy and loss without learning anything more about themselves or the world.

Although more experienced actors might act the play better, the cast at Baylor draws the characters so superbly that it will be difficult for anyone who has seen them ever to think of Faulkner's characters apart from the qualities with which these players endowed them. And the evening's peak moment is a marvelous scene in which, by the use of flickering lights and a billowing ground cloth, a wild nighttime river-crossing is created. This is beautiful and memorable work and the sort of thing one should permanently put into the repertoire of a Dallas Theater Center or even of a Baylor University Theater where it thrills audiences who seem to demand no more from a play than that it to be good art and true to life.

—HENRY HEWES.

Baylor University's "As I Lay Dying"—beautiful and memorable work.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST SETTLERS

Children of the Motherland

—*Courtesy New York State Museum and Science Service.*

Healing rite of the Falsefaces, from a painting by Ernest Smith, a Seneca artist of Tonawanda.

"Apologies to the Iroquois," by Edmund Wilson *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 310 pp. $4.95), reminds us that there is in this country more than one "American way of life." Frederick Manfred is the author of "Conquering Horse" and other books.*

By Frederick Manfred

SEVERAL YEARS ago, Edmund Wilson ran across a story in *The New York Times* telling of a band of Mohawks who had established a settlement on some land on Scholarie Creek. The Mohawks claimed the land had been assigned to them by the United States Government in a treaty made in 1784. A map accompanied the *Times* story, and Wilson was surprised to discover that his own property seemed to lie along the northern boundary claimed by the entire League of the Iroquois, of whom the Mohawks were a part. Intrigued, Wilson paid the Indian settlement a visit. That visit set off a long, fruitful investigation.

Wilson visited many Iroquois homes, attended dances and ceremonies and storytelling sessions, ate Indian boiled bread, and on one occasion stayed up all night to hear the ancient Little Water medicine society song cycle. The more Wilson saw of these stubbornly Indian people the more the essayist's admiration for them increased.

He discovered that far from having been wiped out or assimilated by the white civilization, the Six Nations of the Iroquois (the Mohawks, the Senecas, the Onondagas, the Oneidas, the Cayugas, the Tuscaroras) had in some 160 years increased from 10,000 to 20,000; that the Iroquois still thought of themselves as a sovereign people at peace with the United States; that the Iroquois still dreamed of a time when the whites might be defeated, with the Indians emerging as the dominant people on the American continent.

An Indian has been known to turn down millions of dollars for a few acres of land and some shacks, and this the white man has always had trouble understanding. The white man scoffs when the Indian tells him, "The earth is our mother. You cannot sell your mother. You keep it for your children." The white man thinks it is self-evident that his way of life is the true civilized way of life and is disturbed when the Indian rejects it. The white man doesn't believe it when he is told that it has long been a tradition among the better Indian families that indifference to money and belongings is a sign of superiority.

Wilson's remarks on the New York State Power Authority's highhanded efforts to remove a few Tuscaroras from their reservation because their land was needed for a dam site are devastating. The portrait that emerges of Robert Moses, the Authority chairman, makes one feel more than a little sad about the power of the centralized state and its drab practical imagination.

The author has a keen eye for distinctive Indian characteristics. He notes their deadpan humor, their easy primitive democracy, their gentle handling of children, their wonderful self-control in moments of stress, their loyalty to the American land. He observes that they have an instinctive hostility to the white man, "a harsh unforgiving strain which I took to be an atavistic resentment at the impotence of the ill-equipped red man in his one-sided struggle with the white."

He speaks of the Iroquois's uncanny sense of balance, which he believes came from their having scaled mountains and canoed in wild, rough streams for generation after generation. This singular sense of balance enables the Iroquois to work without fear on skyscrapers and high bridges. Wilson rightly observes that when an Iroquois gets himself a lucrative job in high steel and later returns home with a fat roll of bills, he is in effect re-enacting the role of the old brave who in primitive times sallied into strange country to raid an enemy camp and then returned in triumph with war booty.

The Indian native had much to offer. He was a rooted man. He had learned to live with the animals as well as the land. He had a profound appreciation for the spiritual aspects of life that was born out of a close association with his "mother, the earth." He knew what it meant to become a man. His notion of democratic government, especially as worked out by the Iroquois nations, was every bit as mature as that conceived by our founding fathers; in fact, some Iroquois scholars even argue that our founding fathers borrowed heavily from the unwritten constitution of the Six Nations.

The reader might well ask, what shall we do with these stubborn aborigines? Even if we grant that we stole the land from them originally, are we now, today, to consider the idea of returning it to them? Wilson doesn't give us an answer. This was not his intention. But he does explore and present the problem for us to think about, and he does it in his characteristically clear-eyed, level-headed manner. It is a thing of wonder for this reviewer to see how this brilliant man of letters has repeatedly directed our national attention to pertinent cultural problems hitherto overlooked

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amerindian Affairs

"Sons of the Shaking Earth," by Eric R. Wolf *(University of Chicago Press. 302 pp. $5), recapitulates the panorama of the man indigenous to Mexico and Guatemala. For twelve years U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs during the Roosevelt Administration, John Collier, Sr., represented the United States on the Governing Board of the Interamerican Institute of the Indian, in Mexico, from 1942-51. He is the author of "Indians of the Americas."*

By John Collier, Sr.

IN THIS book Eric R. Wolf has ventured the near-impossible, and in the main he has triumphed. Here within small compass, the history of the Indians of Mexico and Guatemala is authentically retold. First, prehistoric times; then, for more than 3,000 years, the myriad burgeonings of mighty Indian cultures (many of which died, though their influences lingered on), and then the fabulous conquest of Middle America by Spain. But this macrocosm with in a microcosm of narrative and analysis is not finished; for the account progresses to the cultural-social dissolutions imposed on these conquered millions by Spain—the enslavements and the biological annihilations of three-quarters of all of them, imposed by Crown and Church and mercenaries within two-thirds of the first Spanish century. And still the story moves on, to explain partly Spain's economic ruin through that very flooding of gold which had been the conquest's prime and boundless motivation. And then we are told about the partial come-back of the mutilated, decimated Indians; the reintegration (in their local essentials) of the many thousand Indian communities; the sterile dominion over man and land alike of the hacienda system; the beginning and as-yet-uncompleted fulfillment of Mexico's political and agrarian revolution.

All of this within a text of 213 pages plus forty-three always relevant illustrations and maps. Yet the general reader will not sense haste or overcondensation, for the narrative flows and sometimes becomes emotion-imbued, poetic speech; and the student in matters Amerindian will not find a scanting of scholarship. So, it is repeated, Dr. Wolf has essayed the near-impossible; his attempt has been successful on most of the main lines; and his book is recommended to layman and specialist alike.

And now a few reservations: The main one, which is objective though it may seem personal to this reviewer, has to do with a certain bias of interpretation which appears to inhabit much of Dr. Wolf's thesis: a bias toward totalitarian interpretation, it may be termed. As an example, a disputable insistence by Karl Wittfogel is set forth not as one among alternative hypotheses but as a finality: namely, that in irrigation ("hydraulic") civilizations "men have paid the price of tyranny and despotism for the success of their collective effort." The generalization, supportable for Egypt and Mesopotamia, and for the terminal, Incaic century in the Andes, becomes rather a wilful dogma in terms of China, of Southeast Asia, and of the climax irrigation systems of coastal Peru.

In Middle America, as Wolf makes clear, no totalitarian "hydraulic" civilizations existed; nonetheless, in the vast Middle American behaviors through thousands of years, coercion by priests or kings is expressly made, by Wolf, the explanatory principle, as it is across the thousand years of warless Mayan achievement. It follows that the mutual-aid disposition, the tropism, as it were, of men toward social form, the spontaneities of man, the immensities of romatic group-motivation, are scarcely acknwledged by Dr. Wolf.

Sometimes explicitly, more often implicitly, this bias of interpretation appears somewhat to thin the author's accountings of the Middle American religions, which were as autonomously efficient as thirteenth-century Christianity ever was; and as a bias partly neo-Freudian, partly class-sociological, it appears to this reviewer to oversimplify, to blockade, even to "skew" Dr. Wolf's portrait (a brilliantly executed portrait) of the Mestizo in present Middle America, and to cloud with a self-projected doubt his forecastings of Middle America's future.

Other reservations are minor ones, though deserving mention. In his too-brief account of the struggle of humanists and humanitarians in behalf of the Indians, Dr. Wolf leaves unmentioned the Friar de las Casas, who in Indo-American esteem looms monumentally above all the other sixteenth-century New World reformers. And in his necessarily sketchy reporting of Mexico's agrarian revolution and of the struggles and achievements of Mexican labor, former President Cardenas is unmentioned, while Cardenas's still-onreaching purposiveness and influence are disregarded. For these, and other omissions, the rich bibliographical notes partly compensate.

Yet how unimportant are these reservations, the large and small alike, when applied to the splendid achievement—splendid and many-sided—of "Sons of the Shaking Earth."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

VICTORIAN COMPOSITE

The verse mosaic below is made up of lines by Browning, Swinburne, and Tennyson. Ruth Briggs of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who put it together, asks you to take it apart and assign the right lines to the right poets. Answers on page 50.

1. Come into the garden, Maud;
2. Grow old along with me,
3. Gorgonized from head to foot,
4. From hope and fear set free.

5. I sometimes hold it half a sin
6. Whatever comes with years
7. That dead men rise up never
8. And kiss again with tears.

9. Stately, kindly, lordly friend,
10. And did he stop and speak to you?
11. And with no language but a cry,
12. While I debated what to do.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comedy

Continued from page 15

like a bludgeon in its effect and that which draws the sharp sword so cleanly and delicately through the neck that the victim is left with his head still standing on his shoulders, momentarily unaware of what has happened.

Mr. Elliott deals with destruction by battery. In his early historical passages he relates the origin of satire to black magic and witch doctors; to that very ancient Greek Archilochus, who is reputed to have killed his victims by the recitation of his words alone; to the almost equally primitive Irish bards one of whom caused ten mice to fall fainting at his feet by the intoning of a diatribe against rodent plague. Later in the book it is the works of power satirists which Mr. Elliott chooses to analyze, or the works of authors when they are in a mood of hating which is untypical of them. "Le Misanthrope," the "pure" diatribe of Timon of Athens, Shakespeare's most untypical play, and the most negative of all Swift's attacks on the human race, "Gulliver's Travels to the Land of the Yahoos." Mr. Elliott quotes that most revealing of all Swift's comments on his own characters. "I hate the tribe of lawyers," he wrote to Pope as he was finishing "Gulliver," "but I love Counsellor Such-a-one. . . . I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. . ." Swift the man of personal warmth and kindness—and yet it is this most savage of voyages which the author chooses to describe: the most negative of his attacks on man. How right he is to quote Middleton Murry on the "ludicrous inadequacy" of the Houyhnhnms as symbols of goodness.

MR. Elliot's choice of Wyndham Lewis and Roy Campbell as modern great Juvenal-satirists is to me also a strange one. I have always thought of Wyndham Lewis as an example of the kind of negation from which truth must always be absent, the slaughterer of better men than himself. Roy Campbell was to me a delicate poet and sensitive epigrammatist who, when he wrote ruthless satire, was assuming a role he fancied, but not one which truly suited him. And by way of final disagreement with this theme, which the author by his eloquence makes so worthy of debate, I still prefer for powerfulness and lasting effect the gentle touch of Chaucer or of Samuel Butler, whose kind of satire is so foreign to the theme of this book.

But neither this essay, nor its theme, will be easy to forget.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

THESES, college monographs, technical papers, pamphlets and booklets printed in any quantity. We specialize in quality work of this kind at realistic prices. Stonington Publishing Company, Inc., Stonington, Connecticut. (Established 1869).

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

FICTION. American, British, Continental. Also Americana, Literature, etc. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Avenue, Pelham, New York.

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N. Y. We pay postage.

SEND FOR free remainder book catalogue. All subjects. National Book Company, 565 Fifth, NYC. MUrray Hill 2-3908.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA—ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

BRITISH DETECTIVES—Catalogue on request. Specially recommended "The Difference to Me" by John Bryan. British Book Centre, 122 East 55th Street, NYC.

FREEDOM AND POLITICS by Hannah Arendt; first substantial essay on SALVATORE QUASIMODO: Spring issue, 1960. Still available: EXISTENTIALISM ISSUE. Single copies $1; subscription $3.50. CHICAGO REVIEW, University of Chicago, Chicago 37.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH AND POLISH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1002 Times Tower, New York 36.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

RECORD MART

78 R.P.M. RECORDINGS, 1902—'50, sold. Free list. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, P.O.B. 155(A), Verona. New Jersey.

SOMETHING NEW IN GAMES! "What's The Sound?" on a 45 disc provides 10 minutes of family fun and party merriment as everyone joins in this sound guessing game. $1.00 postpaid. Audio Specialties, Dept. S, Box 8203, San Antonio, Texas.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

FOR CONSISTENTLY LOWER price quotations write ASSOCIATED BOOKHUNTERS, Box L-73.

PERSISTENT SEARCHING gets results. Satisfaction guaranteed. Trading Post, Room 4, Lisbon, New Hampshire.

BOOKS LOCATED PROMPTLY. Paramount Book Service, 39 Hopedale, Allston, Boston, Massachusetts.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

BIBLIOPHILES: World Wide Research—Immediate Quotations. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570. Long Beach 1, California.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

ART

FRIENDLY Little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico. Brochure.

KEIKO MINAMI gouaches, paintings, color etchings, June 6th-24th. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21 (64th-65th Street).

INSTRUCTION. Painting—Drawing—Portraits. Inquire Fort Westbrook Studio, Westbrookville, Sullivan County, New York.

LANGUAGES

AT HOME you relax and learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Modern Greek—any of 34 languages available with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. Complete Recorded Courses on FREE trial. Phone CIrcle 7-0830 for FREE books, FREE trial: No obligation. FREE lesson in our studio. Open daily including Saturday. Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20.

FOR THE GOURMET

ENJOY MAINE SEAFOODS, spreads, dips. Ask your dealer for "Atlantic" Brand. A. M. Look Canning, East Machias, Maine.

HOBBIES

FREE 102 WORLDWIDE Stamp Assortment. Approvals. Send dime for handling. Lincoln Stamp, St. Catharines 661, Ontario.

CERAMICS

JOIN POT OF THE MONTH CLUB. Free brochure. Box J-957.

PERSONALS

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—and economically. Insured household moving, packing, and storage. Vans and station wagons—local, long distance. THE PADDED WAGON, INC., ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc., Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

JOBS ABROAD FOR TEACHERS, writers, librarians, stenographers, engineers and administrators. Top salaries paid by American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations. New edition covers over 80 countries. How, when and where to apply, $1.00. Included free, "Student Opportunities Abroad," and "U.S. Summer Jobs for Teachers and Students." Dorf, Box 1415-E, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. **Immediate** decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues Issued. Charles R. Hamilton. 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

SHAKESPEARE in Tudor staging, with Renaissance Institute, activities, publication. **College credit. Address "Shakespeare," Ashland, Oregon.**

"GO!"—ANCIENT JAPANESE STRATEGIC GAME. Unsurpassed for 2,000 years! Set, instructions. $5.50. Classic Games. 2481 Davidson Avenue, NYC 68.

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. PLaza 3-7092 NYC.

UNIQUE DECORATIVE BLANKETS: tiny, huge, by yard, handwoven in Ireland of pure wool. Tweeds too; bleeding madras, batik-printed cotton. Carol Brown, Putney 12, Vermont.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

BORED? Switch to "BALI!" Exciting card word game. No limit to length of words that can be made or stolen! Solitaire game challenging too! Perfect on trips. $3.00 ppd. THE FIRESIDE, 18 East Evergreen, Philadelphia 18, Pennsylvania.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

NEW AND USED OFFICE SKILLS needed for temporary jobs in Manhattan—stenography, typing, bookkeeping, any office machines. Call the experts and start collecting those checks once a week! AA Accredited Service, OXford 7-1145, Room 3018, at 60 East 42nd Street.

RECORDERS, LUTES, VIOLS—Baroque woodwinds and brasses. Write Wayne Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, NYC 25.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free Illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," describes all possibilities—administrative, teaching, secretarial, radio, aviation, professional, technical, newspaper, etc. Full details on conditions, requirements. Includes "Directory of American Companies in Sixty Countries." Also covers employment agencies, government careers overseas, international organizations. $1.00. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 26-X, Massapequa Park, New York.

CHARMING MADISON SQUARE PARK—Attractive one room studio suites, with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Avenue, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

FOR THIN THINKING PEOPLE . . . our TUMBLEMAT . . . a professional exercise mat designed exclusively for home use. Write The Country Shop, Route 3, Box 265, Little Rock, Arkansas.

MIGRAINE, TENSION, or other headache sufferers—get to the bottom of your problem with "Help for Your Headaches" by Percy Brazil, M. D. and W. H. Green. $2.98 at your bookseller's or from Arco Publishing Co., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-549, Mason City, Iowa.

YOUR QUESTIONS about Mississippi answered. Reasonable fee. Box 83, Clinton, Mississippi.

GENUINE HARRIS TWEED $2.25 yard. Lady's, gentleman's suit tailored $43. Send for swatches and particulars. Alexander Graham, Borve, Isle-of-Lewis, Scotland.

COLLECTION of United States mint stamps, to settle estate—executor. Box L-772.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 12,000 actual jobs in the U.S. and abroad for students, teachers, librarians, writers, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific job data, salaries. Summer jobs are filled early—don't miss out. Regular price $3, rush only $2 for the 1960 SUMMER JOB DIRECTORY. Used in over 1,500 colleges since 1952. FREE resumes given with first 100 orders. 163 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, New York. (Add 25¢ Regular Mail, add 50¢ First Class). Money-back guarantee, of course.

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE who wants leading bookstore, large home, income property; growing community, colleges, SAC base; sales increasing. Selling because other interests. Box M-39.

YOUR OWN PERSONAL MEMO PADS—1,000 sheets—20 pads—50 sheets, only $5.50 postpaid. Name, address, phone, printed 5½" x 8½" quality bond paper. Send for FREE catalogue of Distinctive Thermographed Stationery. Order Now! Check or money order. Rugby Press, 7929 N.E. First Avenue, Miami 38, Florida.

PERSONALS

PSYCHIC? SIXTH-SENSE? Try Big Deal, the ESP Solitaire. Fast, provoking, fascinating. The only solitaire where hunches, extra-sensory perception can help win. Played with a regular deck of cards. Fun-test your ESP! Copyrighted rules, instructions, odds. $1.00. Big Deal, P.O. Box 242, Detroit 31, Michigan.

CRABTREE MOVERS, LTD. Prompt, efficient, courteous. Moving, packing, storage. GRamercy 5-2421 NYC.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 15 Maiden Lane, New York.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING!" Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalogue, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-JJ, Olympia, Washington.

RIVERSIDE PLAZA HOTEL—Luxury and convenience with surprisingly low rates to attract the travel-wise. Just off the West Side Highway. Near New York's Lincoln Square, world's greatest show center. All rooms with private bath. Television. Air-conditioning. 253 West 73rd Street. Write or phone: SUsquehanna 7-3000.

DOUBLE DEERSKIN MOCCASINS, 30 other models. Illustrated catalogue free. Vermont Cottage Crafts Shop, 116 North Main, Rutland, Vermont.

DESPERATELY LOOKING for rare person who spends most of his (her) time writing-studying nonfiction for nonpublication. Box M-10.

HOUSEMOTHERS, HOUSEFATHERS, COUPLES for children's institutions. Gertude Stein Agency, 64 West 48th, NYC.

CAROL BROWN WILL BE DELIGHTED to show you her collection of fabrics and garments . . . Putney, Vermont (US 5).

YOUNG LIBRARIAN desires responsible position, Paris. Secretarial skills, previous study abroad. French, German. Excellent references. Box M-220.

UNENCUMBERED WOMAN, 25, seeks unusual, rewarding, permanent position Manhattan or foreign country. College graduate, writing flair, theatre background, traveled. Excellent references. Box M-236.

REPRESENTATION IN EUROPE. Lawyer, New York and Minnesota bar, working this summer with associates in Paris, Stuttgart, Zurich, London, etc. Can handle additional matters. Box M-202.

Would COMMUTING BUSINESSWOMAN like charming midtown residence several nights week? NYC. CIrcle 5-7561.

CINEMA PROFESSOR, script-writer, film and TV pro, consultant, critic, tutor; available, seeks challenge. Box M-197.

HARPSICHORDS $650, Virginals $425, locally made. Zuckermann, 115 Christopher Street, NYC.

REPORTER wishes to help edit magazine. College graduate. Box M-238.

PUBLISHING OPPORTUNITY. $15,000-$25,000 required for expansion of proven annual publications and other projects. Box M-222.

GERMAN TEACHER, Ph.D., seeks position in an academic atmosphere. Good references. Box M-241.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED from young man interested in graduate or undergraduate study preferably in the Fine arts at excellent university in Southwest. Include recent photo and educational preparation to date. Box M-223.

ECONOMICS PROFESSOR, young, spending summer in Spain, will accept business or personal assignments. Box M-198.

MUSIC COPYING, editing, arranging. Music Script, Box 25, Wantagh, New York.

PUTTING FIRST THINGS FIRST: We, the People, need Adlai Stevenson for President! Add your signature? Box K-846.

SUMMER JOB? Inn secretary/hostess; saleswoman. Resourceful, presentable, B.A. Box M-240.

UNCERTAIN FUTURE? Curious about yourself? Find real answers to the success question! Take the only intelligence-personality profile test given at home. Free brochure from General Intelligence Research Development, Postal Box 2650, San Francisco 26, California.

COLUMBIA GRAD, 30, great interest in skiing, seeks employment somewhere in field. Single, will go anywhere. Box M-235.

PERSONALS

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import; Dolmetsch, Purcell. $5, $7.50 up! Student Special, Corelli $3.95. Recorder Music, Methods, Sperrhake Harpsichords. Free catalogue, 6-6-A, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

NEED RESUMES? Write your own. Our complete kit tells how; includes samples. Send $2 (refundable) to Resume Service, Bath, Ohio.

LIVE-IN BABY SITTER wanted for summer. Westport, Connecticut. Box M-185.

COMPETENT EDITOR, dealer magazine, large corporation, wants job where future won't be jeopardized by openly-avowed enthusiasm for Adlai Stevenson. Box M-196.

SEMANTICS? No, "General" Semantics! As different as a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse. Attend a 5-week course Mondays beginning June 6th, 6 P.M. Another 8 P.M. Full tuition $5. N.Y. Society for General Semantics, 212 East 44th Street. LOrraine 8-2967.

BEFORE TOURING EUROPE this summer, get the new, wonderful Swami Car Polishing Cloth. You'll love the clean sparkle it gives your car in just 3 effortless minutes. Same size as standard $3.00 cloth, ours is only $2.00. Mill River Products, Great Neck, New York.

MATURE LIBRARIAN types, desires challenging summer employment away from city. Box M-208.

TEACHER—Developmental and remedial reading. Summer. Will travel. Box M-203.

THE NEW YORK Public Relations Director, Draft Adlai Stevenson Drive, needs to enlist aides in all communications media. Box K-846.

REPLATE WORN SHEFFIELD INSTANTLY with remarkable Silvaplate liquid. Just rub on to restore original beauty. Complete kit (plates 2,000 square inches) $4.95 at (housewares) Altman's, Bloomingdale's, Abraham-Straus or direct: Grey, Inc., 108 East 96th, NYC 28.

TELEVISION NEWSCASTER personality offers quality station, quality service. "Ivy League" looks, education. Authoritative delivery. M.S. Journalism; extensive experience. Box M-232.

HOLLYWOOD—Writers, ACTORS, ACTRESSES can do business with movie studios only if represented by agent. For reasonable fee will contact local agent on your behalf. Or do it yourself. Can provide up-to-date list of better-known agents: writers' agents $3.00; actors' $5.00. DEVALL PUBLIC RELATIONS AGENCY (licensed), Box 46061, Hollywood 46.

YOUNG SOUTHWESTERN male teacher desires travel. Box M-228.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

GREAT BARRINGTON, Massachusetts, vicinity. Colonial, 8 rooms, 1½ baths, heat, 12½ acres, reasonable. Box M-151.

MAINE—CHARMING Cape Cod on 100 wooded acres, 15 miles from college town. 5 bedrooms, all conveniences, winterized. Barn, camp, wildlife, peace. $16,500. Denzer, RFD 2, Richmond, REdwood 7-2601.

N. STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT, 1768 Colonial. By millstream and waterfall, 50 acres. Interior boldly modernized in spirit of original style's clean simplicity. Open ground floor, thermopane north wall facing terrace, superb view. Well fireplace, suspended hood, dropped flagstone hearth. Old boards, wainscoting, hewn beams. Large kitchen wing, cathedral ceiling. 2½ hours NYC, near water, Turnpike, New London, Watch Hill. Box M-247.

SMALL FARMS, Central scenic New York, 1 to 160 acres, $2,500 to $50,000; suitable terms. All with year-round houses 3 to 12 rooms. Most have barns and coops, all have garages. All have water, electricity; some have gas. Most with orchards, gardens, some with trout streams and shade. All on hard roads, near villages, churches, schools, golf. Fishing, hunting. None for rent. May Brothers, Binghamton. Established 1914.

NEW, YEAR ROUND, modern, unusual seaside home on Cape Hatteras. Designed for one couple. Faces Lighthouse. Relaxation, fishing, hunting in abundance. Price $19,650. Owner, Post Office Box 42, Buxton, North Carolina.

ADIRONDACKS—Summer home, Lake Champlain, near Westport. 2 acres. 200 foot lake frontage. Private road. Fieldstone fireplace. 4 bedrooms, running water in each, bathroom. Contact Frank Pearsall, East Northfield, Massachusetts.

COPYRIGHT 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MAINE-COAST HOUSE 80 miles from Boston. Waterfront. Wooded land. $16,500. Box L-694.

CONNECTICUT, REMODELED 1776 farmhouse, 5 bedrooms. Brookfield. Charles Hempstead. DAvis 3-3469.

COTTAGE in Nantucket for sale or rent. Enclosed garden. Sacrifice price. Greenwich, Connecticut, NOrmandy 1-8808 after 6 P.M.

RAMBLING COTTAGE at wood's edge. 3 bedroom year round home with charming pine kitchen and living room. 20 minutes Tanglewood. Lake 2 miles. $14,000. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

VERMONT—Spacious and beautiful summer homes. Year 'round homes; shore properties. Raymond Holway, Realtor, Gryphon Building, Rutland, Vermont.

For Rent

REDDING, CONNECTICUT. 6 room house, walking distance station, commuting. Fireplace, enclosed porch, garage, gardens, isolated. Furnished, unfurnished, consider summer rental. Box M-256.

For Summer Rental

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT—Writer's hilltop ranch-style country house. 10 minutes beach, station. 6 bedrooms, all modern conveniences, screened porch. July-August $2,000. CApital 7-9100 or Box M-179.

CHARMING MASSACHUSETTS hillside house. Rent or exchange Manhattan apartment. TRafalgar 9-2931 or Box M-71.

TANGLEWOOD AREA. Mountain home, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, furnished, $800 summer. Box L-889.

ASPEN. Summer chalet for 4-6 with car, $20 day; top music festival, glorious mountains. Write Everett Millard, 4030 Irving Park, Chicago, Illinois.

MAINE WOODS. Surry. 4 sunny acres. Lake, privacy, near scenic coast. Modern, boat, motor. $125 week. Box L-661.

BERKSHIRES, NEAR TANGLEWOOD—Attractively furnished cottage. Living room, TV, 2 bedrooms. 4 beds. Modern facilities. Beautiful grounds, private swimming. Weekdays ORegon 5-3400, evenings OLinville 5-3803 NYC, Box M-248.

MODERN 5 room house on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. $400 for July, $500 for August. Call PLaza 9-3396 NYC.

COTTAGES, CAMPS, ESTATES—$200 to $1,000 per month. Lawrence S. Robinson Co., Mount Desert Island, Southwest Harbor, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO—Charming little cottage for 2—Telegraph Hill—beautifully furnished. July and/or August and/or September. $400 monthly. Barnaby Conrad, 22 Darrell Place.

DESERTED GUITARIST has 6 room house, scenic view, woods, pool. Address Frank Smith, Colchester, Connecticut.

NANTUCKET ISLAND. Conveniently located cosy housekeeping apartment. Sleeps 2. $75 weekly. Box M-204.

GARDNER LAKE, CONNECTICUT. Secluded lakeside cottage, fully equipped, sleeps 4. Convenient New England Thruway. Box M-201 or telephone Ramsey, New Jersey, DAvis 7-0038.

AMAGANSETT—EAST HAMPTON. Beach cottages $45 week. Also season. Box M-243, PLaza 1-3482 NYC evenings.

EASTHAM, CAPE COD. 11 acres pines, solitude. Private lake beach; near ocean, bay. 5 bedrooms, all conveniences. $500 month. Box M-188.

TANGLEWOOD AREA. 8 room farmhouse, conveniences. View, pond. July, August, reasonable. FLushing 3-6470 NYC.

STOWE, VERMONT. Furnished, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. View of Mt. Mansfield. Season $750 and utilities. J. Reed, Stowe, Vermont.

SHELTER ISLAND. Cottages on 300-acre estate. Private beach, all sports. Maids, baby sitters available. Shorewood, Midway Road near South Ferry. Information: LOngacre 4-2910 NYC.

COMPLETELY PRIVATE WING Colonial farmhouse. 5 rooms, furnished. All conveniences, fireplace. Serene seclusion of upland meadows and woodlands. End of road hilltop farm, half-hour drive from nearby valley towns of Northampton, Amherst, Old Deerfield. Four hours from Grand Central. Still available June-September-October, by week or month. Blanche Cooney, Morning Star Farm, West Whately, Massachusetts.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

HUDSON VALLEY STUDIO. Modern, secluded, hilltop. Sleeps 3. $650 season. PLaza 3-4285 NYC.

VERMONT, NEAR RUTLAND. Summer home, 7 rooms, 2½ baths. High, cool, private. July $250, September $175. Box M-242.

COUNTRY LIVING, CITY CONVENIENCE: Independent lakeside apartment in large mansion, village edge, 4, 5, 6 rooms, furnished/unfurnished, between Keene-Sunapee. $1,000 long season, $1,500 year round. Adults. Wren, Marlow, New Hampshire. HIlltop 6-3322.

QUIET VERMONT farmhouse. Furnished, conveniences. 5 bedrooms. Write Professor T. von Laue, University of California, Riverside, California.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

WESTCHESTER DUPLEX. 8 rooms, 2 baths. Convenient, scenic. Year's lease, August. Box M-250.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

WESTCHESTER, 40 minutes to Manhattan, 4½ rooms, completely furnished, river view. June 15th-September 15th. OWens 3-5306.

ATTRACTIVE PARK AVENUE 1 room apartment NYC. $125 per month. July 1st-September 15th. Box M-216.

FOUR HANDSOMELY furnished rooms, washer, adjacent Columbia University summer classes, Teachers College. June-September, $125. Reynolds, UNiversity 4-1574 NYC, Box M-245.

EAST END AVENUE luxury apartment, 3 rooms. $175. June 15th through September 1st. REgent 7-4867 NYC, Box M-218.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CATSKILLS. 100 miles NYC. 10 acres, spring, woods, view, secluded. $2,500. Box M-249.

REDDING, CONNECTICUT. High, rolling, wooded land. Faces south. Brook. $2,000 acre. Box 8, Easton, Connecticut.

CAMPS

INTERCULTURAL boys' and girls' camp, 10-16. California wilderness area. Exceptional staff. CAMP UNALAYEE, 4242 Suzanne, Palo Alto, California.

VACATIONS

SKYCROFT, Chaffey's Lock, Ontario, near Thousand Islands. Paradise for rock hounds, fish hounds, bird watchers, explorers, canoeists, ages 10 up. Families, adults, too. Allan H. Bonwill, 48 Granniss Street, East Haven, Connecticut.

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND, ten cool miles at sea. Large enough to get lost on, small enough for happy exploration and discovery. For the pictorially-minded, ornithologically-minded, botanically-minded, worthwhile indeed. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Booklet D ?

ISLAND HOUSE—Charming, informal, cool beachfront guesthouse. San Juan, Puerto Rico, 1017 Ashford. $14 double including breakfast.

NOAH'S ARK, Cape Cod. Home cooking. Private beach. Contact Mrs. Gudmunds, 89 Marion Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, until June 15th.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, North Carolina. Small—secluded. Picturesque mountaintop location bordering the Great Smokies.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL people enjoy our unique deep woods lakeside location, our fine food, good music, cottage or cabin accommodations and especially congenial company for rowing, canoeing, swimming, tennis, barbecues, outdoor buffets. Simple, rustic, relaxing. Off highways but near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, summer theatre, all Berkshires! Duncan Hines recommended. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 71, Lee, Massachusetts.

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

JERONIM'S—WALKER VALLEY. 1½ hours NYC. Informal day camp, horses. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

VACATIONS

PEACE PIPE LODGE on Lake Cobbosseecontee in Central Maine. Spacious, wooded grounds. Ideal recreation or rest. Private, modern, lakefront cottages with fireplaces. Tasty, home-cooked food. From $65.00 per week. Write or phone William Lawson, Litchfield, Maine, ANdrew 8-4471.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write the Fields for literature about their COLONY BEACH CLUB RESORT, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida. Phone FUlton 8-2131. Ideal Summer weather . . . Family rates.

BELGRADE. Seven large, crystal-clear lakes. 400 square miles of woodland, streams and countryside. Good fishing, vacationing, fall hunting. Write for free booklet. Specify accommodations desired and when. BELGRADE LAKES REGION, INC., Belgrade 7, Maine.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE, Stowe, Vermont. Home of Trapp family on whose life the current musical, "The Sound of Music," is based. Restful, atmospheric chalet. Panoramic scenery. Hearty Austrian-American meals. $9.00 American. Folder. Telephone Stowe, Alpine 3-7545.

LAKE SUNAPEE AREA. Highest large lake in New England. FREE booklet. BOARD OF TRADE, Sunapee 8, New Hampshire.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 1, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

WATERVILLE INN—Complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. Comfortable inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Write for color folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Relax by the sea at one of New England's foremost and largest resort hotels. Beautiful grounds, lovely gardens. Exceptional meals. June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open all year. Our folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

GREAT SMOKIES: C-o-o-o-o-o-o-l, Scenic. Parkway Knoll Inn, Waynesville, North Carolina.

THE QUAKER APPROACH to contemporary affairs. A week long vacation-institute—Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire, July 30th-August 6th, 1960—$48 per person. Outstanding speakers-discussions. Family rates, children's programs. Write for illustrated brochure to American Friends Service Committee, 130-C Brattle Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

CONIFER. Forty summers as a family camp. Cabins, beach and mountains. American Plan. Lovell, Maine.

COLBURN HOUSE, since 1872. Near art center, summer theatres. European Rates, Duncan Hines Food. Folder. Manchester Center, Vermont.

THE ROBBINS FARM, Poconos. Modern studio housekeeping units. Beautiful 200 acre estate. Lake, pool, moderate rates. Brochure. RD 6, Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

ELEVENTH IMPROBABLE SEASON! "The Inn for Artists (and compatible personnel)." Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine, $42 weekly. BAY STREET STUDIO, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Prospectus!

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

MEADOW HILL. It's wonderful! Your own private hammock and 80 acres to swing it in! Oxford, Maine.

PELICAN COVE—In unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, sailing, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical Isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy your vacation at this delightful country Inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events; entertainment. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. For color folder, reservations write A. Gordon Moody, Manager, THE NORTHFIELD, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates. June 18th to mid-September. SQUAW MOUNTAIN INN, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

(Continued on page 36)

ARCHIVE COPY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

(Continued from page 35)

HOLIDAY HOUSE, Wellfleet, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Country Inn. Ocean, bay, lake swimming, all types summer theatre nearby. NO wall to wall carpeting, NO television, NO pool, NO tiled showers. Good food. Pleasant guests. American plan.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Mountain-top rustic inn, forest-game preserve. Foot trails, beautiful laurel, rhododendron. Log fires, delicious food, friendly hosts. Restful, invigorating. May through October. Box 433, Route 1, Candler, North Carolina.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beautiful harbor view, beach, shore drives. Theatres accessible. Write for booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

NEVIS, BRITISH WEST INDIES: Enjoy the Caribbean's most unspoiled Island. Modern cottages built on old sugar plantation. Lovely beaches, swimming pool, tennis, excellent cuisine. Chris-Craft cruiser for fishing. Write or cable Frank Galey, Golden Rock Estate, Nevis.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Enjoy our salt tanged breezes. Pool 72°. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager. WELLS (Midway) 6-5662.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN directly on most beautiful beach. Special summer rates. Best meals in Mexico. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Delightfully informal lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open late May to September 12th. Bridgton 5, Maine.

ELEGANT YET INEXPENSIVE. Summer by the sea in a gracious plantation house where children are welcome and the weather is always spring. Rates $10 a day per person which includes three delicious meals. John Blondin, SAM LORD'S CASTLE, Barbados, West Indies.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Gourmets' retreat. Charming Alpine chalet, 2,000 feet high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Panoramic view. Delightfully informal. Cool, comfortable, relaxing. Hiking, swimming, sports. Folder.

HOTEL PEMAQUID at tip of Maine's most picturesque ocean point. Artists' and photographers' paradise. Own swimming pool. Boating. Superb meals, seafood specialties. Color folder. Lucy C. Allen, Manager, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

SPEND TWO WEEKS or longer at 18th Century hilltop house: congenial people, quiet, good food, view, walks, garden, books. MANSFIELD FARM, Londonderry, Vermont.

CRESTMONT INN, EAGLES MERE, PENNSYLVANIA. Fun for the whole family in the scenic Alleghenies. Modern hotel rooms, cottages. Superb food. Golf, tennis, riding, water sports, shuffleboard. Golf, tennis pros. Directors for tots, teens. Opens June 17th. Folder. W. T. Dickerson, President.

LUDLOW LODGE for old-fashioned New England leisure time loafing. Green Mountains, shaded lawn, cool veranda, spacious rooms. Paul Schmalzl, Ludlow, Vermont.

SANDY POND LODGE, Hope Valley, Rhode Island. Modern housekeeping cabins. Recreation. Folder.

VARIED, PRODUCTIVE FISHING—Cottages combining charm AND comfort—Enticing food—Many-faceted vacationing. Leaflet—RUSSELL'S, BROOKTON, MAINE. May 30th-December 1st.

BIRCHWOOD INN—the inn with a personality. Excellent continental cuisine. Write your hostess, Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

EGGEMOGGIN, THE RESORT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. Private island in Casco Bay, Maine. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. O.S. Yale, Box 27, Yarmouth, Maine.

TUILAUVENT—*Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone* 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations in Maine. Discussions, Writers' Workshop, lectures. For 1960 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

SHAKESPEARE ANYONE? Theatre and beach nearby. Woodmont Lodge, Milford, Connecticut.

VACATIONS

THE FALES, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. Secluded cottages with fireplaces. Excellent food.

MAINE VACATION? See and enjoy more at the center of the Maine Coast. Write: CRESTWOOD LODGE, RFD, Rockland, Maine.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D.2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SPARHAWK HALL, a beautiful hotel by the salt water's edge, Ogunquit, Maine. Mrs. Walter D. Abbott, owner-manager.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. The ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2100' midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard. You're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. MENEMSHA INN, Menemsha 11, Massachusetts.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. 2,100 ft. altitude. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

SQUIRREL INN, Box 8, Squirrel Island, Maine. Restful island resort off Boothbay Harbor, mainland utilities, 20 ferry trips daily. Sailing, swimming, fishing, tennis. Folder.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh: JOhn 2-1232.

RESIDENT CENTER FOR MUSICIANS AND ARTISTS. Professional staff offers assistance in informal program of chamber music, painting, jewelry, ceramics. Fine meals, relaxed atmosphere. "Vacation with a purpose" for a week or more on college campus in beautiful Green Mountain setting. July 3rd to August 28th. Write: Evalyn Bates, Box "S", Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Enjoy our scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach. Excellent meals available. Golf, tennis, shuffleboard, fishing. Near lovely shops, famous art colony, summer theatre. AAA recommended. For rates, reservations write THE ONTIO, Ogunquit, Maine.

YORKTOWN MOTEL. Only one hour from New York on Taconic Parkway at Route 202. Westchester County's newest, finest resort. Luxury accommodations. 17 wooded acres. Telephone YOrktown Heights 2-3822.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool. 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lovers' paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford. 635 Sutter Street.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, *Maine. Brochure available.*

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

SUMMER on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. *Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool*—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

FOUR SEASONS LODGE. Magnificent views overlooking Lake Sunapee. Rooms, motel, good food. AAA. Write THE GALLUPS, Sunapee 5, New Hampshire.

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay, Michigan.

TRAVEL

STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride to the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath from $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving *to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL,* 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

UNUSUAL SMALL TOUR—Portugal, Spain, Andorra. September-October in connection with International Historical Congress in Lisbon. Congenial group. Private bus. Gramatan Travel Bureau, 120 Kraft Avenue, Bronxville, New York.

MEXICO EXPENSIVE? Only to the uninformed. The Posada Tepozteco in Tepoztlan (Primitive Aztec Mountain Village) and Posada Arcadia in Cuernavaca (Famous Resort City of Homes) offer luxurious living from $6.40 with meals. Incomparable climate, gardens, pools, horses, golf, lovely rooms, excellent food, American Management. First class bus fare to Mexico City 45¢, Taxco 96¢, Acapulco $2.70. Descriptive Brochure, P. O. Box 219, Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico.

RUSSIA. You, too, can see the USSR, the country villages plus Leningrad and Moscow aboard the exclusive Russia by Motorcoach tours beginning Warsaw or Helsinki. Include this unique adventure in your European trip. Weekly departures April through October. See your Travel Agent for folders or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City.

VISIT FRIENDLY BELGIUM FIRST—Gateway to Europe—and of tradition, fabulous art cities, magnificent beaches, superb cuisine and all centers within short commuting distance of its capital. Consult your travel agent or Official Belgium Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

JOIN CARIBBEAN CRUISE. 150 foot schooner sails—Bimini, Berry Islands, Nassau, Grand Bahamas, Abaco, Havana, Cay Sal. Ten Days of Adventure from $175. Sailing, Fishing and Skindiving. WINDJAMMER CRUISES, INC., P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, *Florida. Miami Beach phone JEfferson 2-3407.*

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

WANTED: 16 PEOPLE—A Tour to see the Real JAPAN. Ask Mr. Foster, Buhl Building, Detroit 26, Michigan.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South. NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

WHY TRAVEL ALONE? . . . Join a BACHELOR PARTY® TOUR for single people to Europe, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Nassau, Hawaii, Bermuda, South America and "Around the World." Travel with your own age group —see your travel agent. BACHELOR PARTY TOURS, INC., Dept. SR 4, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, PLaza 8-2433.

AROUND THE WORLD, February 5th-April 20th, 1961. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Cordoba, Toledo, Athens, *Istanbul, Cairo, Luxor, Bombay, Delhi, Kashmir,* Ceylon, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hongkong, Japan. Numerous side trips, informal lectures, contacts. DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill Boulevard, Claremont, California.

SOUTH AFRICA'S great game reserves offer the finest "hunting" for camera enthusiasts. White rhino, kudus, elephants, hyenas, antelopes, zebras, lions and leopards prove exciting subjects for the professional and amateur alike. 20 game reserves in all areas of the Union offer varied, inexpensive tours with comfortable accommodations. Write: SATOUR, Dept. S, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, for free *literature.*

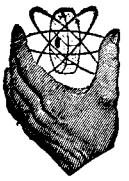
MAGNIFICENT MAJORCA! Last true island paradise. Cheap, luxurious, beautiful, welcoming, warm, civilized, safe. Personalized report, all details, 74 excellent photographs. Save thousands during retirement, long sojourn or visit. Send $2.50. Bradley Smith, Villa Gamba, Cala Gamba, Majorca, Spain.

VENEZUELA? Join newspaperwoman jeeping 11 weeks, Pan American Highway, via Central America. LYceum 5-4198 NYC.

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Science in Books • Personality Portrait—LI • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: The Living and the Dead

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

PUBLIC HEALTH AT 7½ PER CENT

ON 3 JANUARY 1959 there appeared in these columns the first of a series of warnings that American medicine was in danger of departing from its painstaking tradition of precise diagnosis into indiscriminate dosing of patients with wonder drugs.

On 7 February 1959 it was pointed out that while Dr. Henry A. Welch, director of the Antibiotics Division of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, was being paid and trusted by the people of the land to protect them from mistreatment while they were sick, he was simultaneously taking monies from two journals which owed their main financial support to the makers of drugs and which used Dr. Welch's name and official title on their mastheads to stamp a semblance of authority on scientifically questionable arguments for prescription of miracle pills. (The "Dr." in front of Henry Welch's name did not designate a degree in medicine but a Ph.D.)

The philosophy of clinical practice he professed effectively split the medical profession. Whereas the conservative *New England Journal of Medicine* had been cautioning its doctor-readers against the new shotgun-therapy for at least a year before SR signaled the danger to laymen, the journal *Northwest Medicine*—official organ of the medical societies of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Alaska—in March 1959 launched an editorial attack on SR and its Science Editor for "doubtful performance," questioning whether SR's disclosures were not in fact "a move of desperation made by an editor whose magazine is slipping in advertising or circulation or both."

After defending, as "a rather neat device," Charles Pfizer and Co., Inc.'s misleading use of the names of nonexistent physicians on implied testimonials in a drug advertisement (see SR/Research for January 1959), the *Northwest Medicine* editorial went on to rebuke SR for "castigation of Henry Welch, Ph.D., who is Director of the Division of Antibiotics of the Food and Drug Administration and who also is editor of two journals, *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*. Mr. [John] Lear seems to think there is something evil about these journals being edited by a man presumably in position to know a great deal about the material presented while the journals he edits accept advertising from pharmaceutical houses. Logically extended this argument would condemn most of the medical journals published in this country today since their major if not entire source of income is from advertising."

The last sentence in that quotation is worth remembering. But even more revealing is *Northwest Medicine's* failure to distinguish between *an editor whose journal records the uneven and sometimes contradictory findings of research as they become available* and *a government official who edits a journal in the very area of his official responsibility and shapes that journal to fit a predetermined point of view*, as Dr. Welch did.

In the face of the *Northwest Medicine* attack, reports on drug abuses continued to appear in SR/Research from time to time. *Northwest Medicine* then attacked twice more, in quick succession. Now it pretended to discover an international plot behind the Science Editor's expression of confidence in the integrity of drug evaluations given in a new physician's service pamphlet called *The Medical Letter*. It seems that a doctor on the staff of *The Medical Letter* had been associated with Consumer's Union, and Consumer's Union in 1944 had mistakenly been cited by the Special Committee on Un-American Activities of the U. S. House of Representatives as a piece of Communist apparatus. On February 6, 1954, the Un-American Activities Committee had withdrawn this citation as unjustified. But *Northwest Medicine* ignored that information and used the abandoned document to weave a web of guilt by association from which doctors might infer that SR's Science Editor, if not an outright Communist, was at least sympathetic to Khrushchev and Co.

GP, official organ of the American Academy of General Practice, with headquarters in Kansas City, Mo., joined the attack on SR in December 1959. In an editorial headed "Lear's Leer," it accused this magazine and its Science Editor of being "blatantly for hire" without indicating who could have done the hiring except SR's own readers (certainly not the drug houses!). Physicians belonging to the American Academy of General Practice protested this slur, reminded *GP*'s editors that if they had been doing their own jobs properly it would not have been necessary for SR to speak up, and suggested a retraction. At the same time, through its legal counsel, SR threatened libel action. *GP*'s publisher, Mr. Mac F. Cahal, then printed a retraction and apology, in which he admitted committing "an unfair calumny on a distinguished magazine."

To the bewilderment of many members of the American Medical Association, the *AMA Journal* had nothing to say, pro or con, on this coast-to-coast argument of a critical public issue. But individual physicians here and there across the country kept prodding SR's Science Editor until he felt obliged to

PRODUCED 2006 BY INTERNET ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A research scientist's story of his vastly exciting work at the frontiers of medicine

OF MICE, MEN AND MOLECULES

by John H. Heller

Founder and Director of the New England Institute for Medical Research

Introduction by Vannevar Bush

"Thrilling and challenging."
— Dr. Charles A. Doan,
Director of Medical Research, Ohio State University

$3.95 at all bookstores

SCRIBNERS

Leaving Home This Summer?

If you are planning a summer address change, be sure to notify the SATURDAY REVIEW at least 4 weeks in advance. Include the zone number of your new address, if there is one.

***IMPORTANT*—For speedier processing, please send us, too, your current SATURDAY REVIEW address label.**

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

press for resolution of the conflict of interest between Dr. Welch's government responsibilities in the regulation of drugs and Dr. Welch's private income from sources dependent on the makers of those drugs. And in October 1959 Dr. Arthur H. Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in President Eisenhower's Cabinet, finally instructed the F&DA Antibiotics Division chief to cease editing the two journals, *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*. But this order did not disturb Dr. Welch's financial interest in another medical publishing venture, *Medical Encyclopedia*, which, among other things, held exclusive copyrights on research papers read at annual symposia sponsored by F&DA at Dr. Welch's behest. The people had a right to know what profit Dr. Welch was collecting from this use of the public aegis (see SR/Research for May 7). U. S. Senator Estes Kefauver's Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly took up the question as part of its investigation of the ethical drug market, and summoned Dr. Welch and his *Medical Encyclopedia* financial partner, Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez, to the witness stand on 17-18 May 1960.

BY CLAIMING that a recently suffered vascular accident might endanger his life under the excitement of questioning, Dr. Welch obtained a release from the necessity of testifying. His partner, Dr. Ibanez, likewise withdrew by pleading he might go blind from glaucoma (his father and a brother had suffered such a fate, his lawyers said) if he were subjected to the strain of testimony. However, there was no way for either of the partners to stop Senate subpoenas from bringing in documents pertinent to their partnership.

By the morning of 17 May a selection of these papers was piled six inches high in front of the investigators. Senate Republican leader Everett Dirksen managed to delay their presentation that day. But when he returned to the hearing room on the following morning he said: "I would respectfully suggest and, in fact, insist that the first document that ought to go into this record would be the article that appeared in the Saturday Review [February 7, 1959]. That document, as the initiatory document, ought to go first."

A FEW hours later, Washington, D. C. newsmen heard an angry announcement by Secretary Flemming that he had demanded the immediate resignation of Dr. Welch. There had been a decided conflict of interest in Dr. Welch's activities, the Secretary declared, and he (Dr. Flemming) wanted that conflict to show in Dr. Welch's career record even though it might be impossible to halt the disability retirement Dr. Welch had applied for on 11 May 1960 under cover of misleading statements to his superiors about the nature and extent of his private affairs. Still professing innocence of wrong-doing, Dr. Welch resigned, thus obviating Secretary Flemming's alternative threat to prefer formal charges.

EVERY question that SR's Science Editor had raised turned out to be mild anticipation of the actual facts. He had known that Dr. Welch on trips abroad boasted that his government salary ($17,500) was only enough to pay his income tax, but the statement seemed too extreme to warrant publication. It was probably an accurate boast. Dr. Welch's various non-government fees during the last decade totaled more than $300,000. In the period 1953-59, his outside income from two major sources ran well over a quarter of a million—$287,142.40, to be precise. Less than $65,000 of this came from *Medical Encyclopedia* (the enterprise owned by Drs. Welch and Ibanez), the massive remainder from *MD Publications*, owner of the two journals Dr. Welch edited. The *MD* figures, by years:

1953	$23,437.53
1954	23,354.00
1955	11,828.07
1956	32,067.00
1957	33,488.40
1958	49,162.18
1959	50,679.50

The sums alone were impressive, in view of the fact that the man who collected them had assured Secretary Flemming he was getting only "an honorarium (which) . . . at times amounts to as much as $3500 per annum." But the fantastic aspect of the arrangement was the method of determining these fees.

ACCORDING to a formula orally agreed upon but faithfully kept on the books of *MD Publications*, he levied a share of net income from all the advertisements (over which he held power of approval) appearing in his journals, a share of the net profits (which were more than 100 percent of costs) of all reprints of articles published, and a share of net profits (also 100 percent of costs) on premium charges assessed on articles the drug houses rushed into print near deadline time to beat out competition.

In setting up these journals, Dr. Welch had provided that there be a specified minimum number of drug house representatives on each editorial board. In the case of *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* this number grew to twenty-five of the fifty-eight editors.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Welch in this way opened a convenient channel for drug makers to obtain quick reprints of favorable reports on their new drugs, timed to fit into intensive sales campaigns. As can be seen from the table on page 40, Dr. Welch collected from this reprint business the most lucrative share of his income—$173,293—in the seven years 1953 through 1959.

Breakdowns like the one on page 40 were available on the *MD Publications* books on a monthly basis. The summary for July 1956, for instance, was:

7½% on ads	$ 209.52
50 % on reprints	3731.28
25 % on late pages	150.00

And for December 1956:

7½% on ads	277.61
50 % on reprints	7547.95
25 % on late pages	31.25

AFTER these neat arrays of data had been handed over to the Senate investigators by Francis Engelstad, a certified public accountant borrowed from the U.S. Government Accounting Office for the purpose of examining the *MD* books, the following colloquoy occurred:

Senator Kefauver: Mr. Engelstad, let me ask one further question.

Referring to Exhibit 211, in which you break down the amounts paid by the companies, take for instance Charles Pfizer, that seems to be the largest one, the sale of reprints is $171,752. From the net on that, Dr. Welch would get 50 percent. Is that correct?

Mr. Engelstad: He would get 50 percent of the net on that. . . .

Senator Kefauver: Going by a formula which they followed from the inception, would an official action by Dr. Welch figure down, almost to the penny, as to the consequences of an adverse action which might stop the sale of reprints, that that would have upon his income?

Mr. Engelstad: By the use of the formula, he could correctly determine the source of his money, of his payments, and therefore any actions taken would directly affect payment made to him.

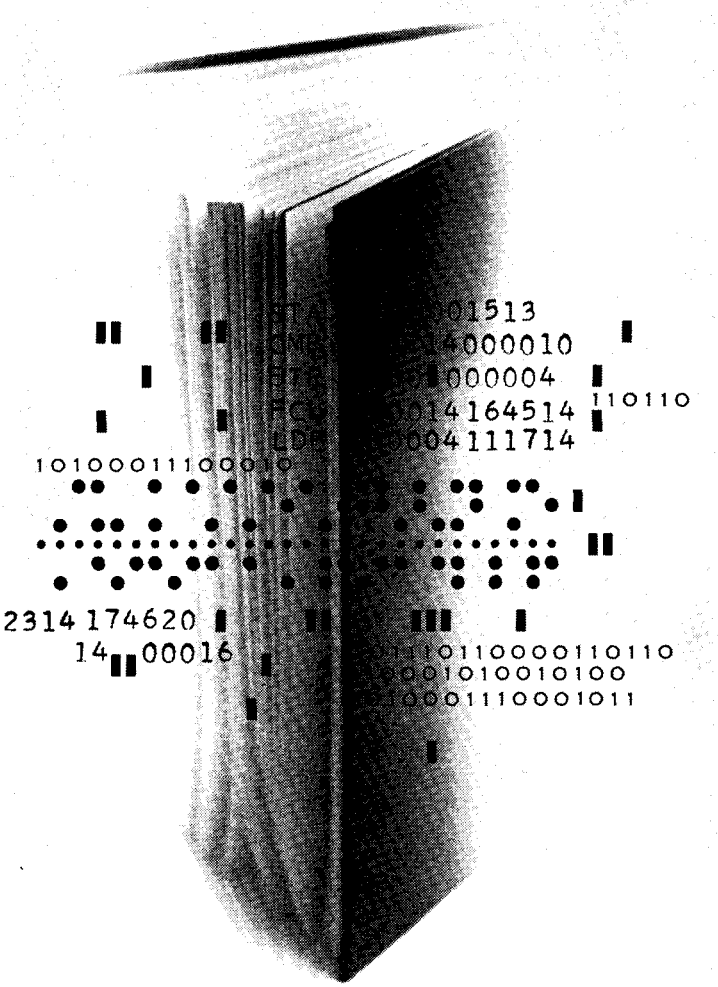
Senator Kefauver: He can calculate that fairly accurately?

Mr. Engelstad: That is right. From the formula that can be very accurately calculated.

Senator Kefauver: I think the thing here is being able to figure mathematically how much the loss of any of these drug company accounts would mean. There is advertising, reprints, charges for extra

How do you make correct decisions in controlling our defense forces, in directing air traffic, in managing a network of distant factories? Modern society increasingly relies on vast information processing systems, composed of men and machines, to help make these decisions. ¶ To study man-machine systems, we are building a new kind of general purpose simulation facility: Systems Simulation Research Laboratory. Its central element will be a very large digital computer. The laboratory will be used to: search for principles for allocating tasks to men and machines; devise improved languages for man-machine communication; develop methods of modeling and simulating large, intricate organizations. ¶ Our objective is to develop a body of basic knowledge about principles that affect the design of these systems. **SYSTEM DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION.** A non-profit scientific organization developing large-scale computer-based command and control systems. Staff openings at Lodi, New Jersey and Santa Monica, California.

SDC



11-618

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pages, which was worked out on a formula basis. It seems very difficult to me for Dr. Welch to disassociate his official capacity from his financial interest in these publications.

CORRESPONDENCE submitted as supporting evidence at the Senate inquiry leaves no doubt that drug manufacturers' interests were kept in mind in the editing of Dr. Welch's journals. In one specifically mentioned case, the management of Charles Pfizer and Co., Inc., was advised of an upcoming editorial by Dr. Welch that would "furnish your people with excellent scientific ammunition" against a drug being pushed by a Pfizer competitor. In another case a draft of a Welch editorial on an antibiotic combination was submitted to Parke Davis for "the pleasure of your comment" in advance of the editorial's publication.

It was in connection with Parke Davis that the strangest of all Dr. Welch's outside activities arose. The record shows that in 1956 and 1957, that firm gave *MD Publications* $100,000 in four instalments to establish a British edition. For its money Parke Davis was guaranteed preferred position in that edition for its advertising. After two-thirds of the $100,000 had been spent, the British edition was abandoned. Dr. Welch and his *Medical Encyclopedia* partner, Dr. Ibanez, simply split and pocketed the unexpended balance of $37,945.77.

On first examination it may seem odd that the affairs of *MD Publications* had somehow got crossed up with the affairs of the Welch-Ibanez *Medical Encyclopedia*. But further reading of letters in the Senate record makes clear that the annual symposia sponsored by FD&A at Dr. Welch's instigation and published exclusively by *Medical Encyclopedia* were used to promote the journals Dr. Welch edited for *MD Publications*. "Another point I would like to discuss with you when you come up," Dr. Ibanez wrote to Dr. Welch on 12 March 1958, "is how to make the best possible use of our next symposium on antibiotics to stimulate nation-wide interest in *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy and Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* . . . With the help of . . . the proper public relations, I am most confident that we will be able to give *AM&CT* a good shot of adrenalin that will have exciting repercussions in its brightening advertising picture."

IN any case, Parke Davis apparently bore no resentment against Dr. Welch for turning some of its money into a gift for himself. For when SR in February 1959 first raised the issue of conflict of interest in Dr. Welch's activities, Mr. Harry Loynd, president of Parke Davis, wrote to Secretary Flemming defending Dr. Welch against "the vicious attack by Mr. Lear" and expressing "hope that the 'smear' campaign launched by Mr. Lear will not have any effect on the future activities of Henry."

Mr. Loynd was not alone in his concern over Dr. Welch's fate. Mr. John McKeen, president of Pfizer, wrote F&DA Commissioner George P. Larrick: "We are all aghast at the effrontery of the [SR] article and the less than half-truths, false innuendos and outright distortions of the facts contained in it." Mr. McKeen found Dr. Welch not only "possessed of integrity, honest, factual and strictly fair" but "a past master" in giving "the public good . . . paramount consideration at all times."

It will be interesting to learn the opinion of Dr. Welch now held by a third drugmaker, Mr. John Connor president of Merck. Back in 1956, Mr Connor questioned the propriety o having Dr. Welch's name used in the solicitation of advertising. But Dr Welch assured him ("forthrightly" i Dr. Welch's own characterization of the statement) that all was well. Mr. Con nor thereupon took to his own shoulder responsibility for clearing the antibi otics police chief of suspicion.

Heretofore frustrated, Mr. Connor' effort to uncover the truth may ye accomplish its original housecleanin purpose. One of the questions he aske of Dr. Welch is still without an answe Who is the real boss of *MD Publica tions*? A number of documents in th Senate record suggest that Dr. Welch

U. S. Senate Drug Exhibit 211

M. D. Publications
Computations of Payments to Dr. Welch
1953 through 1959

	Sale of Advertising	Sale of Reprints	Charges for Extra Pages	Payments to Dr. Welch
Chas. Pfizer	$65,475	$171,752	$ 19,484	
Lederle	77,680	89,065	1,750	
Bristol	28,651	18,189	15,700	
Eli Lilly	26,982	10,397	7,295	
Upjohn	25,873	52,127	11,655	
Abbott Lab.	23,364	1,320	800	
Parke, Davis	14,616	15,409	2,650	
Difco	16,120	-	250	
Merch Sharp & Dohme	4,955	18,665	400	
Wyeth	-	84,120	1,950	
Geigy	-	20,844	-	
Squibb	7,356	37,529	2,150	
Hoffmann La Roche	-	18,232	-	
Smith Kline & French	-	39,063	1,480	
Eaton	1,930	10,187	840	
H.E.W.	-	676	-	
Other	(17) 16,894	(60) 98,187	(9) 3,050	
Total Advertising	$309,898			
Less discounts	44,317			
Net Advertising	$265,581			
Payments to Dr. Welch, at 7½%	$ 20,294.43			$ 20,294.43
Total Sales of Reprints		$685,760		
Less costs and overhead		339,164		
Net Profit		346,596		
Payments to Dr. Welch at 50%		$173,293.02		173,293.02
Total charged for Extra pages			$ 69,454	
Less costs and overhead			30,547	
Net Profit			$ 38,907	
Payments to Dr. Welch at 25%			$ 9,726.91	9,726.91
Settlement on British Edition				18,972.89
Commission on Bulk Sales				1,729.45
Total payments to Dr. Welch				$224,016.70

(*The figures above provide documentation for the accompanying text*).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though powerful, was not top man. In one instance, Dr. Ibanez dictated the four opening paragraphs that determined the direction of a manuscript Dr. Welch was to sign. In another instance, Dr. Ibanez instructed Dr. Welch not to approve the editorial copy of a regular contributor to Dr. Welch's journals until the copy "has been previously initialed by us." In a third instance, Dr. Ibanez rapped the knuckles of the editor of another *MD Publication* journal (there were eight journals in all, including the two edited by Dr. Welch) who published a paper with a point of view that was "not the one . . . we have publicly announced . . . we are in favor of." In the fourth and most important instance, Dr. Ibanez flatly refused an implied request from Dr. Welch for the names of the two other persons who share ownership of *MD Publications* with Dr. Ibanez. "I have never known your other business partners, but have assumed they are minor stockholders, since all decisions have been made by you concerning this corporation" Dr. Welch had written. And Dr. Ibanez replied: "I frankly do not believe that . . . private and confidential aspects of our work should be open to anyone who wants to have access to it."

WHO ARE these other two individuals? The reticence of Dr. Ibanez has aroused the curiosity of the Senate investigators, and the hearing record is being closely searched for clues. The correspondence entered in evidence there indicates few repositories of Dr. Ibanez' trust. He refers at one point to "my friends at McAdams" and in another place he mentions having authorized the negotiation and signing of a contract in London by "our chief accountant, Mr. Louis Goldburt." The McAdams reference appears in 1952, the same year in which Dr. Welch received a fee of $350 from the McAdams Advertising Agency. The guiding genius of McAdams is Dr. Arthur Sackler, who is shown in the Senate hearing record as unsalaried editor of one of the *MD Publications: The Journal of Clinical and Experimental Pathology*. According to Pfizer president McKeen, the McAdams agency designed the misleading ads in which nonexistent physicians gave seeming testimonial for Pfizer's Sigmamycin (SR/Research for January 1959). And it was Sigmamycin that got the major benefit of Dr. Welch's opening statement in favor of fixed combinations of antibiotics at the government-sponsored symposium in 1956.

How and when did Pfizer get this statement by Dr. Welch? Was Dr. Welch aware *before* he made the statement at the symposium of the tremendous promotional campaign Pfizer planned to wage with reprints of his remarks?

How soon after Dr. Welch's statement was delivered at the symposium were his words in the hands of physicians throughout the country as part of Pfizer advertisements?

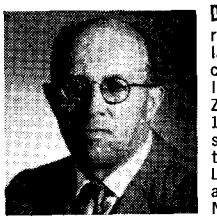
These are questions the Senate inquiry will surely ask. Another is: Who put up the $50,000 that Dr. Welch in 1950 told his government superiors would be needed to start the publishing venture which since has become *MD Publications*?

Does Dr. Welch himself know the source of that money? He told Dr. Ibanez he didn't know the identities of *MD's* present owners; why shouldn't he have known? Will he go back to work for these unknown men, as he told associates he intended to? Or will the Justice Department interrupt his career by prosecuting him for violation of the conflict of interest statutes? Did he pay income tax on his quarter million dollars worth of "honoraria" or did he treat those as gifts? The Senate investigation of his affairs now stands in recess, awaiting answers.

AS was pointed out in this space back in February 1959, the weight of Dr. Welch's transgressions does not rest on him alone. He asked and obtained approval for his outside activities before he inaugurated them in 1950. True, he obscured those activities and misrepresented them. But should he have been permitted, even in principle, the exclusive use of government data such as he received from the annual antibiotics symposia, key to his whole operation? Why did his superiors at any point accept his contention that details of his income were, as his lawyer told the Senate committee, "none of their business"? If F&DA Commissioner Larrick was the "good . . . friend . . . of Henry" that Dr. Ibanez's correspondence makes him out to be, didn't Larrick know what Henry was doing?

These, too, are questions the Senate investigators will want to examine. But behind and beyond any personalities who may prove to be involved in Dr. Welch's affairs is the larger issue to be resolved: the issue of reform of government apparatus that could be used as a lever to divert American medicine from its traditional path of protecting the patient's welfare first. There is not time for effective legislation before the November election. But after the next President is chosen there can be no acceptable reason for not acting decisively to make certain that all the resources of our public health agencies are directed to their one proper objective: the people's well-being?

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor



Dr. Werner Pfenninger, renowned for his work in laminar flow and low drag coefficients at the Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich, joined Northrop in 1949. Today he heads the scientific and engineering team working on Boundary Layer Control Research at Norair Division, Northrop Corporation.

How Boundary Layer Control Reduces Friction Drag on Aircraft in Flight, Can Increase Range 50% to 100%

by Dr. Werner Pfenninger

The boundary layer is a very thin stratum of air that surrounds an aircraft in flight. This air passing across the aircraft surface flows more slowly than the free stream velocity of the air around it. Turbulence results. This increases air friction – waste friction drag. Norair Low Drag Boundary Layer Control prevents this turbulence by smoothing the flow of air. On wings and empennage this reduction can increase the aircraft's range or endurance 50 per cent. If BLC is applied to most of the airplane, this increase can go as high as 100 per cent.

BLC's reduction of friction drag increases endurance missions, flight efficiency, amount of pay load. It reduces fuel consumption to the point where aircraft can remain on station for long periods of time. It reduces operating costs.

These advances apply to military and logistic operations, commercial and passenger flights, and nuclear-powered aircraft of the future. On any type of large, long-range aircraft, Norair's BLC can be quickly adapted at a cost of approximately 10 per cent of the total airplane.

Northrop Corporation – the only American aerospace company to pioneer extensive research in the field – has conducted more than 250 laminar flow flights with an F-94 jet fighter and has achieved full laminar flow at a wide range of speeds.

For the scientist and engineer at Norair, design, manufacture, and flight testing of BLC offers a gratifying opportunity to create advances in a new field. The specialist enjoys the advantages of working with the facilities of the entire Northrop Corporation in an atmosphere where management encourages, recognizes, rewards individual achievement.

Current papers by Dr. Werner Pfenninger include:

Design Considerations of Large Subsonic Long-Range Transport Airplanes with Low Drag Boundary Layer Suction.

Design Considerations of Propulsion Systems for Low Drag Boundary Layer Control Airplanes Cruising at High Subsonic Speeds.

For copies of these papers and additional information about Northrop Corporation, write:

NORTHROP CORPORATION
Department S8-1300-32, P.O. Box 1525
Beverly Hills, California

PRODUCED 2009 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

WHO'S ABUSING WHOM?

As a physician I can only applaud your efforts to bring light to what is going on in the drug industry today. As a citizen of Illinois for more than 50 years, I would invite Senator Dirksen to state in these columns why it is that he can always be depended upon to espouse the defense of those in high places who already amply possess the means to take good care of themselves. We send our representatives to Washington to protect us against the predatory interests and his present efforts seem to fall in another class. In this election year he ill serves his party.

Dr. Raymond Brandson.

Chicago, Ill.

I wish to compliment you on your excellent article discussing the drug industry investigation in the May 7 issue of *SR*. I hope some future article mentions the intensive mail campaign for Wallace Laboratories' "Deprol." Daily an advertisement arrives; it invariably contains a return card which bears my name and address and states: "Send me a trial sample." Without cards returned, a sample of this drug arrives every week or two.

Bernard L. Alpert, M.D.

Washington, D.C.

You have often deplored the failure of "science" to align itself with the "humanities." No better example of the reasons for this espoused failure could be found than in John Lear's series of articles on "drug abuses."

The need, if one exists, for reforms in the distribution or marketing of drugs will not come up for discussion in this letter. The subject has become a political and journalistic farce. However, that a magazine of your caliber should initiate a series at this level is most disappointing. I feel that these are virtually smear articles, emotional, unobjective, and larded with omission, innuendo, and quotation out of context. Mr. Lear is doing your magazine a disservice. You in turn are rendering the public a disservice.

The instances of absence of enlightenment or objectivity in these articles are far too numerous to cite in detail. Allow me to deal with one only. This is in . . . a section dealing with the USP and NF, the latter comprising "Something less than than the best standard of quality," and leading by (il) logic, characteristic of Mr. Lear to another section on physicians being stockholders in pharmaceutical houses—an instance of journalism of the lowest order.

The National Formulary is not published by the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, as stated, but by the American Pharmaceutical Association, a professional society composed of pharmacists and pharmacologists. It [NF] is edited by a committee composed of distinguished pharmacists, primarily educators. It was first published in 1888, and was designated as an official drug standard by the Federal Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906 along with the USP. It supplements the USP in many important ways; it is in fact probably a more valuable and critical publication in terms of a drug's therapeutic worth and toxic potentials. It admits a drug only under its generic name. . . . One might think of it as pharmacist's reference text supplementing previous or anticipated actions in the USP. . . . NF supplies scientific information on older drugs no longer in great demand, and newer drugs in demand. Many of the antibiotics which will be deleted from the USP in the forthcoming edition, will undoubtedly be relisted in the NF.

To use the term USP "abandons" a drug over "protest" of Dr. [Henry] Welch [recently dismissed as chief of U.S. antibiotic drug police] can only be interpreted as an attempt at distortion on Mr. Lear's part. There need be no implication of "poor quality" or "lesser standards" in such an occurrence. Mr. Lear again misses the point in these statements (although he betrays himself earlier) in the fact that any drug which did not have clinical worth, purity, and good standards would not have appeared in the USP first.

If you believe reforms are in order, it is most commendable that the situation be analyzed. It is your right, and your obligation. If, however, you still subscribe to your principle of informed and intelligent communication to the American public, the methods employed by Mr. Lear are open for reexamination.

H. V. Parker, M.D.

Cleveland, O.

Editor's note: *Our May 1960 report on drug abuses did misname the publisher of National Formulary. For this the Science Editor apologizes to his readers and to the editors of NF. There was no intention to question the quality of the work in NF. What we said was that medicine in America is practiced on at least two levels and that the drug standard of the upper level is U.S. Pharmacopeia. This is true. Congress long ago accepted USP as the guide to the best drugs. It accepted NF as a stepping stone* to and from *USP. The lawmakers recognized that inertia exists in every profession, that some doctors would continue to prescribe outmoded medicines from habit, and that if these drugs were going to remain on the market it would be better to have a standard than not to have one.*

Your article in the May 7th *SR* indicates that your stylus is stuck in the Pfizer-Dr. Henry Welch groove and perhaps should be moved to a new tune lest there be published a Census of Worthless Reporting where the name of Lear might lead the rest.

E. F. Ferer.

San Jose, Calif.

Editor's note: *The public record of the last few weeks speaks for itself.*

"WORLD OF LIGHT"

As a former proofreader (yes, on the *Saturday Review*, too, years ago!), and a sometime magazine editor I've committed my share of blunders and am disposed to look upon mistakes in a kindly way. Of course we are disappointed at the error about the "World of Light" because so many people read the magazine.

Do please make the correction.

Emanuel Geltman,
Horizon Press.

New York, N. Y.

Editor's note: *This is probably the gentlest chiding an errant editor has ever received from a publisher. The error Mr. Geltman refers to occurred in last month's science book excerpt, which we wrongly attributed to "The Nature of Light." "The Nature of Light" is really the title of a chapter in John Stewart Collis' book, "The World of Light," (Horizon Press, $3.75).*

ROCK BOTTOM GEOLOGIST

As much as I dislike to be a quibbling reader, I find the *SR* cover story (May 7) on Dr. Maurice Ewing both inaccurate and misleading in places. The first paragraph implies—even after several readings—that *at the point* on the Palisades where the Lamont Geological Observatory is located, the chasm of the Hudson River is "almost three times as deep and wide beneath the water as the Grand Canyon is beneath the sky." A look at the preliminary chart of the Hudson submarine canyon would show that the true situation is somewhat different. Many miles at sea where the Hudson submarine canyon enters the abyssal plain of the Atlantic Ocean, the calculated depth at that point from the surface of the ocean itself to the floor of the canyon is approximately three times that of the depth of the Grand Canyon from its top to the bed of the Colorado River below.

Another paragraph of the article on Dr. Ewing begins, "Why had the warming occurred?" I fail to see that the writer answers the question.

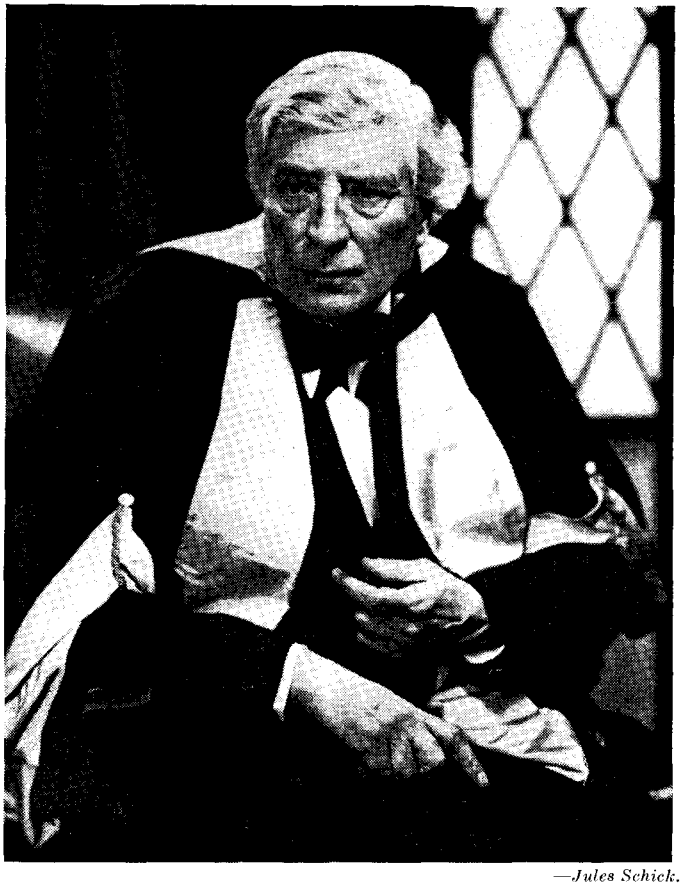
Further on, there is this statement: "By dumping explosives over the sides of boats and recording the times when the echoes came back, it was possible to guess whether the sound might have traveled through oil beneath the water." This is, I assume, an attempt to explain to the layman seismic marine exploration. But the geologist, on the basis of seismic data thus obtained, does not "guess whether the sound travels through oil beneath the water." Rather, from that data he prepares a map of the structure of the beds beneath the ocean floor. And as any geologist who, using seismic data, has ever made a well location that turned out to be a dry hole would tell you, the seismograph only locates *structures*. These structures may or may not be oil bearing. No means exist at present for direct location of oil beneath the surface.

Keith A. Yenne.

Dallas, Tex.

Editor's note: *Readers sometimes infer what we did not intend to imply, question the clarity of explanations which seem to us explicit, and fail to read the very qualifiers they plead for (such as "guess whether the sound* might have *traveled through oil" in the above). But even quibbles are welcome in the difficult task of balancing technical detail against popular understanding.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Jules Schick.*

Dr. W. F. G. Swann, one of the elder statesman of physical science in America, here challenges his fellows to examine the miracles that happen every day in hope of explaining the whole of the natural world in terms of one simple universal language. If a new theological system rises like a cathedral from the craftsmanship of science, he says, we all will be the better worshippers as a consequence.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

Science Must Penetrate The Mystery Between Them

By W. F. G. SWANN

"THE MAN in the street" hears of the atomic bomb, so like an enlarged version of one of the urns of the Arabian Nights, urns from which, as a result of proper incantations, terrifying beings emerged. He learns that two apparently inert pieces of uranium of the same kind, on being brought suddenly into close proximity, explode in a manner such as to emulate all the furies of hell, pouring forth all sorts of evil things in the form of poisonous radioactive radiations and the like. It is as though these two pieces of metal, on being brought together, became infuriated by each other's presence and, in their anger, revealed all the evil that was within them. Indeed, from the standpoint of over-all results, the performance of these two innocent pieces of uranium surpasses, in immeasurable degree, all the mysteries described in the immortal book of Arabian fairy tales. And our man in the street, on witnessing the atomic bomb, might well say, "Here, at last, I find a real miracle—a miracle which can be repeated at will."

But the men of science tell him that they know all about what has happened and that there is no miracle. In this they play some deception on that layman, for, if they could reveal to him the picture of those more subtle atomic processes which are involved, he would be likely to exclaim: "But these processes in terms of which you explain the bomb are, to my way of thinking, miracles themselves." And the man of science, if honest with himself, will have no choice but to reply, "Yes, my friend, that is indeed true to your way of thinking; but to me, who has lived with these sub-atomic phenomena so long, the phenomena have ceased to carry with them the stigma of the word miracle."

You will perhaps be unhappy about my definition of the word miracle. You may prefer to regard a miracle as a thing of such unusual occurrence, that the fact of its having occurred at all is open to doubt. You may then maintain that atomic phenomena are not miracles because they are always occurring, and their continual occurrence provides, in its totality, for the phenomena evident around us. If you say this, I fear that the Lord hath delivered you into mine hands; for in this sense, practically all the phenomena of the atomic world would indeed be miracles to any supposed inhabitants of the atom.

Consider the emission of an X-ray from an atom. Even if, in imagination, you lived on one of the atoms which compose the part of the X-ray tube from which the X-rays come, so rare would be the emission of a ray from an individual atom that you would be put in an atomic lunatic asylum if, as a resident of such an atom, you maintained that any such phenomena had ever occurred. Only because there are so many atoms does the physicist observe a strong emission of X-rays from the X-ray tube. And so, what is a miracle to the resident of the atom is no

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

longer a miracle to him who observes a multitude of atoms.

A cosmic ray, passing through this room, detaches an electron from an atom here and there. By observing the detachment of the electron we investigate and measure the rays. Yet, to the individual atom, this theft of an electron by a cosmic ray is such a rare event that the chance of its happening to any particular atom in the period of, let us say a day, is no more than the chance that one of us would be murdered in that day if, with the earth at its present population, only one murder were committed in three hundred years.

So it is with all the happenings of atomic physics. Yet it is these miraculous happenings which, in their totality, produce all the interesting things which our coarse-grained senses observe. And to these coarse-grained senses there is no miracle.

IN science, we have sufficient respect for the design of the universe to believe that there is a unified scheme covering all realms of phenomena, and indeed, in the last analysis, the affairs of mankind as a particular case.

While there is much yet to be done in correlating and enriching all that is known about what we call the material world, I feel that before long, we shall have to face the problem of the nature of life and of all that goes with it, if real progress is to be made. We cannot, for ever, keep the laws of dead matter separated from those of living things; for after all, everything that happens as the result of our efforts in the utilization of what we have already learned must be initiated by the mind of man. I can imagine the heavens to go on their courses without any attention from mankind. I can be happy in the thought of a continual process of activity which, in its gross aspects at any rate, follows the kind of deterministic behavior which, a hundred years ago, might have been thought to be the "way of life" of all nature. But if, today, I make an atomic bomb which does drastic things, it is I who formed the decision to make it; and in so doing, I interfere with what would have happened had I not made the decision. At this point, the mind of man seizes upon the otherwise smooth running of things, and, in some way, that which is in my mind interlocks with inanimate nature to direct its course.

In facing the necessity of bringing harmony into realms which today stand apart, what has the experience of the past taught us? We have a clue in what has happened in the domain of atomic structure. There was a time when atoms were regarded as indivisible things, without any properties other than were provided by empiricism as demanded by the laws of chemistry. No progress was being made in understanding the laws which related the elements to one another. Even the periodic table was an unfathomable mystery. Then came the discovery of the electron and the proton, two entities whose existence had not before been recognized, and at least a promise of further understanding was achieved. However, a barrier to further progress was soon reached. Many had wished to invoke the possibility of another kind of particle—a neutral particle—but conservative science hesitated to accept this. The principle that all atomic forces were electrical had almost come to be regarded as self-evident. How, then, could a neutral particle exert a force on anything or indeed, how could it be influenced by anything?

In the spirit of the times such a particle had to be regarded as a completely dead entity. And when the neutron at last was discovered, science became disturbed not so much by the new particle itself as by the fact that the presence of the neutron represented a new set of relationships between things. One had to admit what are called *nuclear forces* as distinct from electromagnetic forces—a new world of law and order. And what was more astonishing, one had to provide for interlocking relationships between this new domain of phenomena and the old domain which was so unlike it.

IN contemplating the harmonization of life with what we call the laws of inanimate matter, I expect to find a new set of laws, laws which do not deny anything we had before except in the denial of the claim of those laws to finality.

I do not expect it to be necessary to find a new *particle* which will cement the old materialistic realm with the realm of life and all that goes with it, but I may expect to find the formal recognition of some kind of a new entity differing from those which we have encountered in physics. I do not necessarily expect that this entity will be something which can be described in terms of space and time, although I shall expect it to be accompanied by well-defined laws of operation which provide, not only for the activities peculiar to its own purposes, but for the possibility of cementing it logically with the knowledge of the past.

We must not be too astonished at the invocation of an entity which does not call for expression in terms of space and time. After all, I may speak of such things as good and evil without accompanying them with coordinates x, y, z, t, to express where they are and when they were there. For the sophisticated physicist, I may recall that much that is spoken of in the quantum theory of physics has little to do with the expression of all relevant concepts in terms of some thing or things having positions at certain times.

I shall not be surprised to find the new entity playing a part in the survival of pattern, so dominant in living things. I hesitate to limit its potentialities by giving it a name already appropriated and endowed with properties of vagueness too foggy to be permitted in a scientific discussion, and so I will not call it by the name "soul." If it is to be of service, it must not shrink away from its duties and take refuge as part of high-sounding sentences. Its functions and modes of operation must be well-defined and it is only natural that in conventional science it will have to go through the process of skeptic criticism which has fallen to the lot of all of its predecessors in the materialistic realm. I should expect to find it play a role in those phenomena which for long have lain in the borderland between what is accepted by all and what is accepted only by few, even though representatives of the few may be found in all periods of man's history. I refer to such things as extrasensory perception, the significance of the immortality of man, clairvoyance, and allied phenomena, and the significance of the fact that our universe exhibits what we may call a planned design, whether or not we are willing to admit the hazy notion of a planner, or say what we mean by that postulate.

In discussing such matters I think it is essential to avoid all theological doctrine as a starting point. I would rather see a theological doctrine emerge spontaneously as part of the over-all scheme of nature, than I would see the workings of nature forced into a frame provided by a preconceived theological doctrine as a starting point.

I would hope that in this more comprehensive philosophy no man would have occasion to forsake any of the ideals which in the past he had fostered. When this condition arrives, those things for which the mind and soul long shall no longer appear veiled in nebulous shrouds of uncertainty, but shall stand out as jewels adorning the greater universe in all its splendor.

This vision of Dr. Swann's was first exposed to public view in the Charles S. Redding Lecture, delivered December 16, 1959 in response to honors bestowed on him for thirty-two years as Director of the Bartol Research Foundation of Philadelphia's Franklin Institute. The lecture appears in full in The Journal of the Franklin Institute, *Vol. 269, No. 3.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

A TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

On the Coral Reef, Plants Act Like Animals

—*Amer. Mus. Nat. History.*

CORAL reefs are essentially tropical. The reef-building organisms will not grow in waters where the temperature falls much below 70° F. Growing reefs are found outside the tropics in a few places—Bermuda, for instance—but in all such places warm currents bring tropical waters into higher latitudes. Within the tropics, coral reefs are rare on the Pacific coast of America and the Atlantic coast of Africa, because of cold currents. The richest reef developments are in the western Pacific, the Indian Ocean, and the Caribbean; most fabulous of all is the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. Many kinds of corals, like the precious coral of the Mediterranean, grow in colder water, but they do not form reefs. . . .

The reef world is a topsy-turvy sort of place from the point of view of intruding man, used to the arrangement of living things on land. The basic principles of biological organization are the same in the reef situation as in any biological community, but the various roles in this organization are played by quite different sorts of organisms in a reef as compared with, say, a forest.

We are used to seeing the fixed, organic structure of the landscape built up by the green plants—by seed plants, conifers, and ferns; by grass, shrubs, and trees. These so-called higher plants, which dominate our landscapes, are, with only a very few exceptions, absent from the sea. The fixed structure, the living scenery, of the reef is mostly made by animals—plantlike animals that cannot move around.

The basic columnar trunk and branching form of trees and shrubs is replaced by a bewildering diversity of shapes. Instead of the general green of foliage, varying only in shade, the scenery is built up from the whole spectrum—blues, greens, browns, reds, purples, mostly in pastel shades. Even in the attached algae, which are true plants, the green of chlorophyl is generally masked by other pigments so that the plants are red, brown or purple.

The corals themselves are animals—tiny polyps ranging from the size of a pinhead to that of a pea, according to the species, living as immense colonies in the limestone skeletons that they have jointly built. The shape and sculpturing of the skeleton depends on the particular species of coral. Some species form smoothly rounded masses, with a surface molded like that of the human brain. . . . Others form branches of various sizes and shapes, like fingers or . . . like the antlers of deer.

The sea fans, waving their fronds gently in the currents, are also colonial animals—close relatives of the corals, but forming their skeleton mostly with a hornlike substance rather than with rigid limestone. And there is a host of other kinds of fixed, immobile animals: sponges (generally with no resemblance to the sponges we know in the bathroom), sea anemones, tunicates, barnacles, molluscs, and the like.

This animal world, like the animal world everywhere, is dependent ultimately on plants . . . [which are brought to] the fixed animals . . . by the water currents. And the basic plant life of the reef or of any marine situation is the invisible alga multitude in the floating plankton. . . . The coral animals are nocturnal, extending their tentacles to filter their food from the microscopic life of the water only at night. But they have [algae] living at the surfaces of their bodies . . . busy storing up energy from the daytime sun.

There are, of course, a few plants that look something like plants ought to look—various kinds of green, brown, and red algae. And part of the mass of limestone growth is made by plants, the coralline algae, which look something like gigantic lichens in their delicate branching form, though they are red or purple instead of green. These coralline algae are numerous enough, often, to contribute greatly to the growth of the reef.

The action before the weird backdrop is carried out almost exclusively by gaudy fish. Occasionally, to be sure, a jellyfish will pulsate slowly across the stage, in its ineffectual fashion, trailing its tentacles behind. Occasionally a small detachment of squid, practicing precision maneuvers, will pause long enough to assess the situation; or rarely an octopus, mistakenly nervous about being detected, will dash across the field of vision and settle down. . . . But the dominant movement, the action, the life of the reef is provided by the fish. They play all the visual roles that on land are divided among the birds, butterflies, squirrels, lizards. . . .

There will be hundreds of kinds of fish around a single reef area: clouds of metallic blue or green wrasse; angelfish wandering over the corals with slow dignity; big-eyed squirrel fish suspended in midwater, staring with unwavering intensity at some spot of coral. Damsel fish—perhaps more properly called demoiselles—will be scattered singly at discrete intervals over the reef, each little fish in the territory that it has staked out as its own and that it defends fiercely from any intruder, belying its gentle name.

The overwhelming impression, whether of fish or of background, is color; exuberant, varied, striking color. Inanimate nature sometimes shows a comparable abandon of color, as in the Painted Desert of Arizona, but nowhere else in the living world does color reach the variety and dominance that it shows in the coral reef. Why? No one really knows. . . .

The bright and varied colors and patterns of flowers [on land] serve as signals to attract the insects necessary for their pollination. Bright colors are sometimes warnings—the bright wasp advertising its sting, or the gaudy butterfly notifying predators that it has a nasty taste. We find, among animals, all of the principles of camouflage, of counter-shading, and broken silhouettes. Sex often determines coloration, and Darwin long ago explained peacocks, pheasants, and the like in terms of females picking pleasing mates. . . . Our explanations are sometimes far-fetched. Often there are several alternative theories to explain a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

particular situation. The whole thing at least seems fairly reasonable, but this doesn't help much when we put on our masks and start looking at the colors of the coral reef.

There are plenty of beautiful examples of protective coloration, like the pipefish that stands on its nose to become one more blade of waving sea grass; or the octopus that instantly changes its spots to fit the particular chunk of coral on which it has settled. There are also many examples of warning coloration, of creatures that advertise their deadly stings or poisonous flesh. But this doesn't explain the pastel blues and pinks and purples and browns of the corals and algae, or the startling metallic brightness of the swarms of tiny wrasse, or any of the other flauntingly conspicuous but perfectly edible and harmless fish.

One is sometimes tempted to think that here on the reef chemical processes have gone wild, lost the biological controls that govern the rest of the living world. Life has responded to the bright sun, the crystal water, the supporting warmth, with an irrepressible exuberance in form and color. This theory gains plausibility when, on a Pacific atoll, you have opened a parrot fish just roasted over coals from coconut husks, and find, not prosaic fish bones, but delicate bits of jade green embedded in the white flesh. What possible meaning can this have in terms of the struggle for existence?

Much of the background color of the reef, the color of the corals, algae, sponges, and other fixed organisms, is probably of this physiological sort. In the algae, the red and purple pigments enable the plants under water to absorb light more efficiently for their photosynthetic purposes. In the corals, the colors are in part due to pigments laid down by the coral animals themselves, and in part due to algae.

In the active animals of the reef, it seems likely that most of the colors have ecological, rather than physiological, meaning. The life of the reef abounds in cases of concealing coloration, particularly among the crabs, shrimp, and some of the fish. But a large proportion of the fish plainly are advertising their presence, making no attempt at concealment. The commonest explanation of this is that the colors and patterns enable the fish of different kinds to recognize each other. But why, then, don't all fish have such striking recognition colors? It is surely just as important for fish to recognize each other in the North Sea as it is in the Caribbean.

—Marston Bates.

in "The Forest and the Sea,"
Copyright © 1960 by Marston Bates,
(Random House, $3.95).

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LI

COMMISSIONER OF CALM: DR. HARRY SOLOMON

By Unlocking the Doors of Mental Institutions, He Has Freed Thousands from Themselves

—Boston.

WHEN Harry C. Solomon took command of the Massachusetts Mental Health Center in 1943, he brought with him a concept of patient care that is revolutionizing mental health treatment in America.

Locked doors, guards, and other trappings of hopeless confinement were exchanged for a positive effort to give back to patients the sense of dignity and individual worth that belongs to all human beings. Pessimism in treatment gave way to a cautious optimism which results have more than justified. In the intervening years, the discharge rate at MMHC has risen from thirty-five per cent to ninety per cent.

In helping his patients to help themselves, Dr. Solomon made his institution the antithesis of the old London Bedlam, elements of which still characterize many mental institutions today. Dr. Solomon has not been alone in bringing this new outlook to mental hospitals. But he is the acknowledged leader in the country.

This unusual man is a displaced Californian, who first came east for general training at the Harvard Medical School. He graduated with a top scholastic record and immediately plunged into a career of teaching, research, and practice. He began as a neurologist and wound up being both neurologist and psychiatrist. Most of his research was done in the early years and was centered on neuro-syphilis. It has been one of his joys, he says, to see this disease drop from a commonplace in mental hospitals to being a clinical rarity.

But his outstanding contribution has been the long term job of showing the way to better patient care. This began in earnest when he became superintendent of MMHC.

The MMHC is administered jointly by Harvard University and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The stat pays the bulk of the cost, with Harvar funds and outside research grants mal ing up the rest. Top posts at the Cente carry concurrent faculty appointmen at Harvard.

Thus, when Harry Solomon took ov at MMHC he also became Profess of Psychiatry at Harvard. A dynam new influence was immediately felt i both domains.

In 1943, Dr. Solomon says, "pess mism was the damaging element. had been since the 1880s."

"In ignorance and blindness we ke throwing obstacles in the patient's way says one of his associates. "Solomo taught us to really care for the patien to respect him and try to help him re cover from his difficulties."

The MMHC got rid of patient secl sion and the intoxicating drugs that ha been used to make patients "manage able." It stopped taking away a pa tient's clothes, personal belongings, an other objects the patient might con ceivably use to harm himself. Thus th patient's sense of his own identity wa restored.

When you walk into the Center to day, you are hardly conscious of it special purpose. Patients wander abou freely in an atmosphere of mutual trus The policies which Dr. Solomon orig inated have been continued since h departure in 1958 by his successo Dr. Jack Ewald, former Commissione of Mental Health for Massachusett As such institutions go, the Center fairly small, accommodating almo 200 patients at a time or about 900 pa tients a year. However, Massachuset is a state of small mental institution Its largest accommodates about 3,00 whereas similar facilities in other state sometimes hold several times tha number.

Dr. Solomon believes that the larg hospital is obsolete. More little ho pitals are needed. And on replacing D

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Harvard.*

Dr. Harry Solomon.

Ewald as Commissioner of Mental Health, Dr. Solomon began to try to fill this need in Massachusetts. His present plans for legislative consideration include twelve new units for early and intensive care, day and night service, and outpatient clinics to encourage troubled families to seek help before emotional problems get out of hand.

He has brought to the Commissioner's post an unusually democratic quality. At MMHC he exercised it in sharp contrast to the Center's former hierarchical management. "I couldn't stand being a czar," Solomon says. "I let people running divisions run them. They can be responsible to themselves."

Harry Solomon explains his mental treatment policy as one of easy admission and easy release. The results over the years have been encouraging. The ninety per cent release statistic is not the same as ninety per cent recovery. There are always relapses and returns.

Dr. Solomon acknowledges that there are certain calculated risks. But, with help, patients usually find their way in the community. Furthermore, they are encouraged to regard the hospital as a "home" to which they can return from time to time if the going gets rough.

Dr. Solomon's approach to the academic side of psychiatry has been equally dynamic. When he assumed the chair at Harvard, the department accounted for a total of fifty-six hours in the Medical School curriculum. When he retired to emeritus professorship in 1957, there were 300 to 400 hours. Explaining this, a colleague remarked that psychiatry had labored under a burden of verbiage and speculation. "But under Harry, psychiatry makes sense—simple common sense."

Although he is a world figure in psychiatry, Harry Solomon has not captured the public eye nor gotten much publicity. He is not that sort of personality. Nevertheless, his influence has been felt widely. It has been spread partly by example and partly by his students at Harvard and at MMHC, which is one of four major training centers in this field in the United States.

A man of restless energies with a yen to get things done, Harry Solomon is never in a hurry. His intellectual endowment (prodigious memory and an ability to comprehend and condense quickly) is balanced by a profound inner tranquility.

A medium-sized man with whitish hair, glasses, and a friendly easy manner, there is nothing superficially to distinguish Harry Solomon from the average amiable grandfather. He converses easily and it is only gradually that one sees a keen intelligence shining through the small talk.

The late Merrill Moore called him "a prophet and a leader . . . who has that rare inner harmony that permits a man to be steadfast through all the years of his life."

Certainly his family (four children, ten grandchildren) don't feel neglected. He also has found time to become an expert gardener and chef, and to enjoy a good deal of travel.

One suspects that an unusually accomplished wife has done more than a little to help Dr. Solomon lead such a full life. Mrs. Solomon is a professional in her own right. She recently retired as professor emeritus of social economy at Simmons College, where she had been in charge of psychiatric social work.

She is a friendly woman who, like her husband, looks as though she enjoys life. She laughed when asked if Dr. Solomon carries his work home with him. "No," she said. "He never worries about anything. He has always had lots of time for his family."

THE Solomons have a farmhouse in Maine that they frequently visit on weekends. They may take off for it on the spur of the moment—eleven at night or six in the morning.

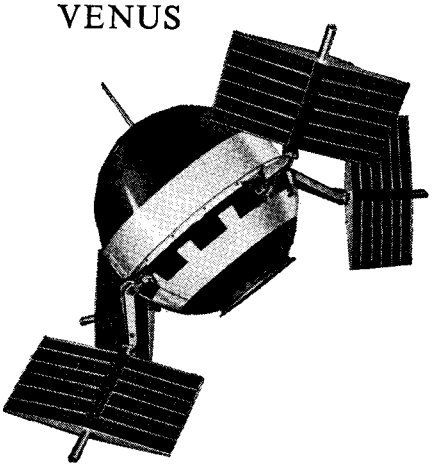
Dr. Solomon, himself, is modest. It is useless to ask him to evaluate the importance of his own work.

If you ask him about the future, Dr. Solomon outlines a hopeful vision and a challenge. "This is going to be a very productive next ten years—in care, treatment, the development of new techniques," he says. But he adds, "We need more of an attitude change in every way in the community toward mental patients who are being rehabilitated. No one thinks it unusual for for a person with a mending leg to limp a bit. But if a person overcoming mental illness acts the least bit odd, people sometimes call the police and great damage is done."

—ROBERT C. COWEN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIONEER V
IS VAULTING
TOWARD THE
ORBITAL
PATH OF
VENUS



Pioneer V is seeking deeper into space than ever before attempted, as it nears the orbital path of Venus —26 million miles from earth.

Pioneer V was designed, constructed, launched under the supervision of, and tracked by Space Technology Laboratories, Inc. for NASA, at the direction of the Air Force Ballistic Missile Division.

STL's technical staff brings to this space research the same talents which have provided systems engineering and technical direction of the Atlas, Thor, Titan and Minuteman programs since 1954.

Scientists and engineers with outstanding capabilities relating to these activities are invited to investigate positions at STL. Resumes are welcome.

STL

SPACE TECHNOLOGY LABORATORIES, INC.
P.O. Box 95004,
Los Angeles 45, California

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into an age of familiarity with splitting atoms. It is an age of hidden perils, for none of man's senses can detect the presence of radioactivity. Yet the need for fuel for the future relentlessly drives man on to greater and greater use of a phenomenon he does not fully understand and can control only to a crude degree. How can it be assured that society will devise and enforce safeguards?*

The National Academy of Sciences asked the question of itself in 1956 and came up with a preliminary answer. It recommended safety limits for exposure to radiation, and urged that the dangers inherent in everyday devices like medical X-rays be immediately diminished. In 1960 NAS asked itself the question again. For some reason that might pay psychologists to look into, newspaper headlines gave their readers the impression that what NAS had to say was reassuring.

THE DRAMATIC exploitation of nuclear energy for military and peacetime purposes has made informed persons acutely aware that man-made ionizing radiation, whatever its source, is now an important addition to a constantly changing list of hazards to human existence and well-being. Exposures from medical uses in technologically advanced nations are now about equal to background and need to be taken into account to a corresponding degree.

Insofar as the uses of nuclear energy add radioactive contaminants to the general environment of man, and especially to the atmosphere, important moral issues arise even though the magnitude of the radiation to the germ line is now small relative to natural background levels. These new uses make possible, for the first time in human history, the inescapable exposure of world populations, in some instances without consent, to additional radiation undetectable by the unaided human senses and capable of producing deleterious changes in the hereditary material.

Although it is not the special province of natural science by itself to say how these issues should be resolved, it is surely a grave and urgent responsibility of geneticists to make the best possible estimates of the magnitude of the genetic effects of small increments of ionizing radiation and to take action in adding to and improving the store of knowledge on which such estimates are based. Only in this way can the needed quantitative refinements be made in the rather crude estimates that have already been made.

The present state of knowledge, on which are based estimates of the genetic hazards of increased radiation of man, has been summarized in reports of the British Medical Research Council's Committee on the Hazards to Man of Nuclear and Allied Radiations; by the World Health Organization's Committee on Effects of Radiation on Human Heredity; by this Committee; by other organizations and individuals; and especially by the recently published and extensively documented report of the United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation, a report prepared and approved by scientific representatives of all member nations. Reference is also made to the latest report of the International Commission on Radiological Protection, in which the problem of allowable genetic exposure of large populations to radiation is treated in some detail. It is recognized by all that present knowledge is not adequate to assess with any reasonable reliability the genetic consequences of specified levels of exposure.

The urgency of the practical problems of reactor design, disposal of radioactive wastes, testing of nuclear weapons, X-ray equipment design and manner of use, etc., has, however, made it essential that there be recommended some upper limit of exposure of large populations to radiation above normal background. Recognizing that from a genetic point of view there appears to be no threshold level of exposure below which genetic damage does not occur, this Committee has suggested—mainly on practical considerations—that the average population exposure to man-made ionizing radiation, including medical radiation, be no more than ten roentgens to the gonads per reproductive cycle—preferably it should be less. . . .

It is well appreciated that it will be some time and will require much work before this recommendation can be more adequately supported and perhaps modified. We urge that the required work be pursued as rapidly as possible. We further urge that, in the meantime, action in reducing all exposure of persons to the lowest practicable levels not be deferred, for it is unlikely that we shall have all the necessary information in the near future. In the absence of such information, there is much to be said for erring on the side of caution, considering that the genetic consequences of any increased exposure to mutagenic radiation will continue to be expressed in some degree for many generations.

It should be pointed out that if significant refinements in estimates of present and anticipated genetic hazards are to be made, corresponding refinements must be made in our knowledge of radiation exposures. As radiologists well recognize, we need much better information than we now have on gonadal exposures from various types of medically used radiations. This applies also to occupational exposures, especially to internal emitters. Background and fallout measurements need improvement and re-evaluation in the light of present and future activities involving radiation. Additional information is needed on the magnitude, distribution, and action of background, fallout, and other radiation to which man is exposed. This is especially urgent for those radionuclides, such as iodine, strontium, and radium, that accumulate or are concentrated in various parts of the body. While these are not studies in which geneticists would normally take an active part, they are nevertheless necessary in order to provide an essential part of the information needed by geneticists for the estimates they are expected to make.

A large and important area in which progress is being made at present and in which much more can be done in the immediate future is that of reducing human exposure to man-controlled radiation, including that from diagnostic and therapeutic medical radiation; that from industrial and other peacetime uses of nuclear energy; and that arising from development, testing, and use of nuclear devices. Although a consideration of how further reduction in exposure from such sources can most effectively and quickly

REPRODUCED BY MUNZING.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In actuality, the assurance was limited to an observation that present levels of radioactivity are tolerable by the human organism. Throughout its ninety pages, the second NAS atomic report was heavily salted with concern for the future. The pathologists cautioned that although the dosage levels recommended by the geneticists "should be adequate for purposes of establishing that no perceptible somatic effect will occur . . . , theoretically a minor shortening of life span or a slightly increased incidence of tumours cannot be excluded as a possibility." The meteorologists advised against use of nuclear bombs to study weather patterns. The agriculturalists and food supply specialists promised a technical summary in which they would bring together what is known about the sequence of events between nuclear bomb fallout and the presence of radioactivity in food crops and meats. The radioactive waste disposal experts warned that there is not yet a solution to waste disposal problems and that "vigilant" monitoring on a continuous basis is a necessity. The oceanographers said it is possible safely to dispose of small amounts of low-level radioactive waste at sea, but the safety of high-level radioactive waste disposal in this fashion has not yet been determined. The geneticists' message is spelled out in some detail below.

be brought about lies largely outside the competence and assignment of this Committee, we nevertheless regard it as desirable and proper to urge that those who possess the requisite knowledge, persuasiveness, and authority continue to take all reasonable steps in bringing about such reduction as rapidly as possible. . . .

IN order to characterize and better define present estimates of the magnitude of radiation-induced effects, further information will also be needed about the occurrence of spontaneous mutations and those caused by agents other than radiation. . . . Most of the questions concerning radiation-induced mutations also need to be answered for mutations induced by other agents—abnormally high temperatures, ultraviolet light, various chemicals, etc. Although it seems reasonable to suppose that the germ cells of man are well protected from extraneous chemical substances to which large numbers of persons are exposed through ingestion, inhalation, or otherwise, it is nevertheless conceivable that some such substance as industrial and automobile fumes, foods and food additives, tobacco, drugs, antibiotics, hormones, cosmetics, contraceptives, and agents of chemical warfare may be important as possible sources of genetic damage to man. Chemical mutagens and antimutagens come within the special interests assigned to this Committee, since what is learned from their study may contribute materially to knowledge of the basic mutation process and the effects of ionizing radiations. This is emphasized by recent studies indicating that radiation-induced mutations may arise by way of intermediate chemical modifications of the cellular environment. . . .

One of the difficulties in the study of genetics of man is the small number of individuals available in any given pedigree. One possible way of avoiding this difficulty is through the study of somatic mutations, where one can hope to deal with large populations of cells. Here may be included studies on cell systems in the body (such as blood cells), cell cultures, tissue cultures, and tumors. Human, other primate, and other mammalian tissue and organ cultures are especially valuable in this connection. It has already been demonstrated that chromosome breakage in varieties of human cells growing and dividing in tissue culture can be related quantitatively to dosage. We now need comparative rates of radiation damage for many types of cells, and at different stages of the division cycle. Comparative rates of chromosome damage *in vitro* should be compared with those of cells *in vivo*. Interspecific comparisons, especially between man and mouse, will provide a better basis for extrapolating the genetic knowledge of mutation rates obtained in mouse studies to the human species. Comparative studies on identical or homologous tissues from males and females should be made in order to determine whether sex differences in response to dosage exist in human beings as they appear to in other species. If means of studying the mutation rates of specific human loci in suitable tissue culture cells can be worked out, it may be possible to apply methods of microbial genetics to the analysis of mutation rates in human tissue cells. Finally, if the successful methods of culture of human testicular and ovarian tissues already achieved can be utilized for the study of radiation damage to the genetic material, it is possible that a direct application of the knowledge derived from somatic and interspecific studies can be made to the problem of mutation in the human germ cells.

It is possible, and thought to be likely by many geneticists, that some malignant neoplasms may owe their origin to somatic mutations. For this reason we feel that the application of genetic methods to the study of malignant neoplasms is one of the important aspects of the study of mutagenic effects of radiation. . . .

IN all respects—incidence of malignant changes, incidence of traits known to be genetically differentiated, as well as developmental abnormalities that are less clear genetically—it would seem that emphasis should be given to investigations of human populations known to be or to have been in previous generations exposed to radiations at levels that can be estimated. These should include such studies as are now being made on survivors of A-bomb exposure at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, populations living or working in areas of much higher than average background level, industrial workers exposed to radiation, radiologists, X-ray technicians, and persons given medical radiation for diagnosis or therapy. Obviously such investigations must extend over more than one generation. Difficult and unsatisfactory as this approach is—and is likely to remain, it should be pursued with great vigor, for it is to be hoped that human material so exposed in the future will be less prevalent than it now is.

In addition to making effective use of all currently available methods and techniques for the study of human genetics, investigators should be given constant encouragement in searching for new approaches. It is conceivable, for example, that entirely new methods of directly investigating human chromosomes can be found. It would be of great value to have biological means of estimating accumulated radiation exposure in man. This might be possible by some method of quantitatively determining accumulated chromosome breaks. Improved methods of measuring physiological age would be most useful in investigating the relation of induced mutations to the aging process.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unread Writers

Continued from page 12

eter, the Academy Bulletin, the Dun and Bradstreet of Hollywood.

A writer's credit on a picture in which he has participated is the *sine qua non* of his profession. Credit disputes frequently arise when more than one writer has contributed to a screenplay. These internecine disagreements are settled by the writers themselves. Through a system of anonymous submissions of the script in question to a board of fellow writers, unknown to each other and to the querying writer, their Guild resolves more than 150 such controversies each year. It is interesting to note the relatively large quantity of these arbitrations; a credit is financial death or life to a writer.

Sometimes even the possesion of adequate credits does not guarantee entree to a studio job. The producer in quest of a writer may analyze his credits, but he is more likely to view this most recent picture instead. Not enough producers or executives take the time to read. This is frequently unjust, for no computation machine has been devised to decide which element determines a successful picture. Was it the screenplay, or the actors, or the director, or the producer, or the publicity, or the camera work, or the subject matter, or the basic book or play, or any permutation or combination of these? On a divided credit, where two or more names appear as authors, which one constructed the story, which the comedy dialogue, which the serious dialogue? How much of the final screenplays derived its inspiration from the five preceding screenplays which did reach the screen, and so *ad infinitum*?

It would be unfair, however, to assume from the foregoing that the lot of the Hollywood writer is always an unhappy one. There are certain writers whose most recent credits are affixed to a film that has gladdened the hearts of stockholders and public alike. During this pinnacle period, the writer is king: it is he who is sought after, flattered, cajoled, entertained, enticed, tempted. His agent merely advises prospective employers that he is available; the plays and novels and scripts pour in for screen adaptation. This is his moment. He is part of a "hit" picture. He need only advise an uncertain producer that he fancies a specific book or play and it is bought by the studio. This situation does not arrive with alarming frequency; but it is heady and euphoric when it does.

There is little doubt that the screen writer's efforts to emerge from the darkness of obscurity to the light of recogtion will meet with success. The auguries are there. There is a growing number of discriminating producers who appreciate talent and integrity. The obligation to make films according to formulas evolved by the heads of the seven major studios is disappearing. Independent producers now function without adherence to the mandates of a giant parent company. Crude censorship, lack of taste, and public apathy are slowly vanishing. Films of distinction and quality are finding wider audiences every week in America. Adult themes formerly reserved for the theatre or book worlds can now be translated effectively onto the wider medium of the screen.

The difficulties, disappointments, and obstacles of writing for the screen are without doubt existent, but so are the compensations and the opportunities for a mass distribution of mature ideas. This is the writer's province. To take advantage of this new interest in adult films, screen writers must be aware of the new obligations this entails. They should be more pridefully conscious of their skill and creativity; they should realize that writing for the screen can be an art of distinction and importance.

THEY should believe in themselves, despite all the real problems attendant on their profession. They should eschew the old Hollywood scribal custom of "knocking out" their scripts; they should write them.

It is time the screen writer stopped disparaging his craft; it is time he admitted openly that he actually likes writing for films. If he feels incapable of writing the Great American Novel or Play, he should say so. This is not an admission of defeat. He must have absolute confidence that writing for the screen can be as vital and significant as writing for publication. If his only credo is Samuel Johnson's dictum that "no one but a blockhead ever wrote for anything but money," he may well reach a high tax bracket, but he may never reach creative self-fulfilment. He will continue to be anonymous, and deservedly so. He should regard the film industry and his own contribution to it with respect and dignity. He must be constantly aware that without him there would be no films. He should be keenly conscious of his responsibility to the public. He must be convinced that a day will come when his signature on a screenplay will matter to that public as well as to his bosses. Only then will the services of a screen writer be truly "of a special, unique, unusual, extraordinary, and intellectual character involving skill of the highest order."

A Voice Said

By John Ciardi

I SAID to the pear-shaped darling
where she sat like a bulge in the light:
"Love is no thought, I think. We open and close
like the locks of your moods upon you.

Love, you say, *Say you love me.*
What are you thinking that you will not say it?
—But were we to think once, even your
body would be shapeless. And were we to think enough,
what reason could keep us from mercy?

Once after sex I was all bray inside
and aching as if from a marathon. Now,
it is a little sad to give so little.
Even the eyes of monks could seem reasoned.

Then sadness itself becomes a thought.
Then an intellect beyond reason hungers
for the peace of your spent body.
Then, like no thought, there happens
a pity almost love that turns to love.

Save me from too much memory in the act.
We are desperate together and born to praise.
I will cry love—in some vocabulary—
till mercy be the name our sleeps abound
and grace beget us easy presences."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Browning: 2, 10, 12. Swinburne: 4, 6, 7, 9. Tennyson: 1, 3, 5, 8, 11.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1367

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Capable of being vindicated.	27 14 10 77 167 44 49 58 85 192 32
B. Grounds for terminating almost any contract (3 wds.).	25 5 46 205 97 169 92 119
C. Colorful element of a greeting, or of farewell to bride, voyager, etc.	22 37 158 202 76 68 69 150
D. Specifying the flap of certain envelopes used in philately (comp.).	39 16 174 74 73 136 81 21 213 130 63
E. Mountaineer backwoodsman of southern U.S.	156 45 7 134 65 147 210 140 196
F. Depreciatory insinuation.	116 108 100 127 84 176 173 204
G. French physicist who developed a valve used in electrolysis.	52 66 26 82 168
H. Alleviated.	104 195 29 211 115
I. Changing or shifting, as of investments.	18 123 106 183 131 187
J. Raving, wild, furious.	178 64 166 135 142 153 186
K. Not to be readily believed.	61 94 48 206 146 31 182 171 193 201
L. Midday intermission for rest or food, U. S. Dial.	198 132 177 165 15 34 144
M. Specifying the Biblical ox not allowed to work but kept for fattening.	209 180 124 139 50 179 56
N. Euphemistic word used in dialect instead of "damnation."	199 170 71 117 191 91 51 8 36

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. One of the last battles before Sevastopol fell, 1855.	93 212 41 107 184
P. One of the principal crests of a lophodont molar, from the paracone to the metacone.	160 38 128 109 11 121 19 88
Q. Followed by Word S, author of the classic "Undine," preceded by "de."	20 54 1 120 87 207 114
R. Asiatic Indian thrown out of his tribal connections for cause.	161 67 188 154 4 80 102 40
S. Completing Word Q,	162 197 99 13 28 96
T. A good round score.	137 149 23 55 30 12
U. What the voice in the wilderness demanded in the desert, for the approach to the Lord.	181 164 113 70 189 118 86
V. An aesthetic connoisseur.	111 105 138 159 133 60 190
W. Mountain pass in Canadian Rockies bet. Jasper and Mt. Robson Parks Alberta and Brit. Col.).	125 33 194 203 42 110 200 62 157 101
X. Not wanted (comp.).	6 143 129 78 90 152 172 112 43 154 122
Y. What Australia's laughing jackass really is.	35 185 175 53 163 2 47 103 89 59
Z. Extend, esp. beyond a limit.	98 9 145 141 148 83 75 151 57 24
Z1. Specifying the least possibly sophisticated human being.	17 72 95 126 208 3 79

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 Q	2 Y	3 Z1	4 R	5 B	6 X	7 E	8 N	9 Z	10 A	11 P	12 T		13 S	14 A	15 L
16 D	17 Z1	18 I		19 P	20 Q	21 D	22 C	23 T		24 Z	25 B	26 G		27 A	28 S	29 H	30 T
	31 K	32 A	33 W	34 L		35 Y	36 N	37 C	38 P	39 D	40 R	41 O		42 W	43 X	44 A	
45 E	46 B	47 Y		48 K	49 A	50 M	51 N	52 G	53 Y		54 Q	55 T	56 M		57 Z	58 A	59 Y
60 V	61 K	62 W	63 D		64 J	65 E	66 G	67 R	68 C		69 C	70 U	71 N	72 Z1	73 D		74 D
75 Z	76 C	77 A		78 X	79 Z1	80 R	81 D	82 G	83 Z	84 F		85 A	86 U		87 Q	88 P	89 Y
	90 X	91 N	92 B	93 O	94 K		95 Z1	96 S		97 B	98 Z	99 S	100 F	101 W		102 R	103 Y
104 H		105 V	106 I	107 O	108 F	109 P		110 W	111 V	112 X	113 U	114 Q	115 H		116 F	117 N	
118 U		119 B	120 Q	121 P	122 X	123 I	124 M	125 W		126 Z1	127 F	128 P		129 X	130 D		131 I
132 L	133 V	134 E	135 J		136 D	137 T	138 V	139 M	140 E		141 Z	142 J	143 X	144 L		145 Z	146 K
	147 E	148 Z		149 T	150 C	151 Z	152 X		153 J	154 X		155 R	156 E	157 W	158 C	159 V	160 P
	161 R	162 S		163 Y	164 U	165 L	166 J	167 A	168 G	169 B		170 N		171 K	172 X	173 F	
174 D	175 Y		176 F	177 L	178 J	179 M		180 M	181 U	182 K	183 I		184 O	185 Y	186 J	187 I	188 R
	189 U	190 V		191 N	192 A	193 K		194 W	195 H	196 E		197 S	198 L		199 N	200 W	201 K
	202 C	203 W	204 F	205 B	206 K		207 Q	208 Z1		209 M	210 E	211 H	212 O	213 D			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Browse Here...

for current books you have been anxious not to miss . . . for other good books you have long promised yourself to read . . . for valuable sets that should be part of every library . . . and for practical books needed in your home or office

198. THE LEOPARD
by GIUSEPPE DI LAMPEDUSA
(Retail price $4.50)

104. ADVISE AND CONSENT
by ALLEN DRURY
(Retail price $5.75)

186. HAWAII
by JAMES A. MICHENER
(Retail price $6.95)

108. ACT ONE *by* MOSS HART
(Retail price $5)

102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO
by BORIS PASTERNAK
(Retail price $5)

103. THE WAR LOVER
by JOHN HERSEY
(Retail price $5)

191. GRANT MOVES SOUTH
by BRUCE CATTON
(Retail price $6.50)

192. THE EDGE OF DAY
by LAURIE LEE. Illustrated
(Retail price $4)

193. TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM
by NEVIL SHUTE
(Retail price $3.95)

188. MEETING WITH JAPAN
by FOSCO MARAINI
Illus. (Retail price $8.50)

187. THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN
by THOMAS B. COSTAIN
(Retail price $3.95)

105. THE UGLY AMERICAN
by WILLIAM J. LEDERER
and EUGENE BURDICK
(Retail price $3.95)

101. EXODUS *by* LEON URIS
(Retail price $4.50)

111. ELIZABETH THE GREAT
by ELIZABETH JENKINS
Illus. (Retail price $5)

125. INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY
by JOHN GUNTHER
(Retail price $5.95)

199. THE CONSTANT IMAGE
by MARCIA DAVENPORT
(Retail price $3.95)

107. JOHN PAUL JONES
by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
Illus. (Retail price $6.50)

401. THE ARMADA
by GARRETT MATTINGLY
(Retail price $6)

402. IN THE DAYS OF McKINLEY
by MARGARET LEECH
Illus. (Retail price $7.50)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

OFFERS YOU . . . IN A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP

ANY THREE FOR $1 EACH*

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES . . . WHICH AVERAGE 20% LESS THAN THE REGULAR RETAIL PRICES

194. THE LONGEST DAY
by CORNELIUS RYAN. Illustrated. (Retail price $4.95)

183. THE CAVE
by ROBERT PENN WARREN
(Retail price $4.95)

119. THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Vol. I of *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*
(Retail price $6)

120. THE NEW WORLD
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Vol. II. (Retail price $6)

121. THE AGE OF REVOLUTION
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Vol. III. (Retail price $6)

122. THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Vol. IV. (Retail price $6)

400. THIS IS MY GOD
by HERMAN WOUK
(Retail price $3.95)

118. PETER FREUCHEN'S BOOK OF THE SEVEN SEAS
Illus. (Retail price $8.95)

123. A TREASURY OF SCIENCE
Edited by HARLOW SHAPLEY
(Retail price $6.95)

152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS 13th Edition
(Retail price $10)

115. THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER *by* ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. Vol. I of *The Age of Roosevelt*
(Retail price $6)

116. THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL *by* ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. Vol. II
(Retail price $6.75)

128. THIS HALLOWED GROUND
by BRUCE CATTON
(Retail price $5.95)

129. THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS
by MILLAR BURROWS
(Retail price $6.50)

189. THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE
(Retail price $6)

190. THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE
(Retail price $7)

132. A STUDY OF HISTORY, a 2-vol. abridgment of the Toynbee work
(Retail price $11)
Each vol. $1

134. THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF MAUGHAM
2 vols. (Retail price $12.50)
Each vol. $1

138. REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST *by* PROUST
2 vols. (Retail price $15)
Each vol. $1

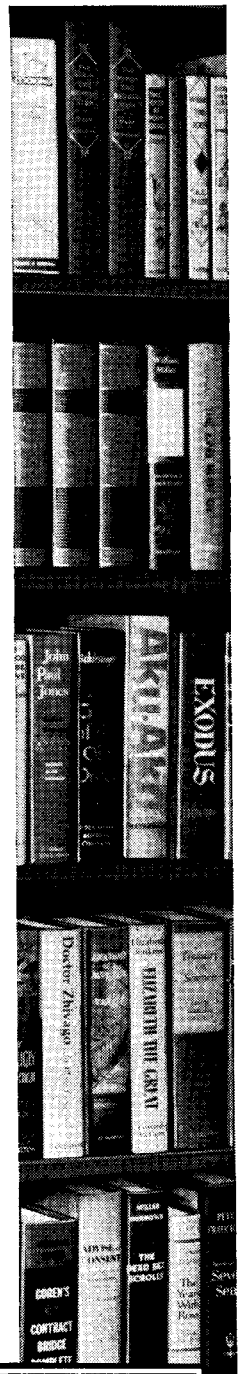
139. ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE
Unabridged
(Retail price $4.75)

150. STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX
by HAVELOCK ELLIS. 2 vols.
(Retail price $15)
Each vol. $1

151. IDEAL MARRIAGE: Its Physiology and Technique
by TH. H. VAN DE VELDE, M.D. (Retail price $7.50)

162. A CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD
by V. M. HILLYER
Revised by E. G. HUEY

163. WINNIE THE POOH AND THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER *by* A. A. MILNE
Illustrated by E. H. SHEPARD **Both vols. for $1**



GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

THE PURPOSE of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate two things *by your own experience*: first, that you can really keep yourself from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; second, the advantages of the Club's Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either without charge or at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway. The trial offer described here really represents "advance" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the three books you engage to buy later.

✱ **The three books you choose** will be sent to you immediately and you will be billed one dollar for each volume (plus a small postage charge).

✱ **You have a wide choice always**—over 200 Selections and Alternates during the year.

✱ **If you continue after this trial membership,** with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend averaging around $7 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this profit-sharing plan, $235,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by members as Book-Dividends.

✱ In the case of multi-volume sets, each volume is to be counted as a separate purchase at $1, unless otherwise noted

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A256
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club† and send the three library volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $3.00 (plus postage). I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying three Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). The price will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. After my third purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend† with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.) **PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy three Club choices.

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐

MR.
MRS.
MISS } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone* .....*State*.....

Club choices for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

†*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED